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# KING DOBBS

## *A SATIRICAL ROMANCE*

BY

JAMES HANNAY

AUTHOR OF "SINGLETON FONTENOY'

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# PREFACE

## TO THE CHEAP EDITION.

THE present story—one of my earliest books—was written and published in 1849, and, like both its predecessors and successors, was an attempt to embody my naval experience in the form of fiction, for the purpose of familiarizing people with the *present* naval service. I need scarcely say that the service of to-day is a new service in everything but the personal gallantry of the men who compose it. Its manners have been changed by time and new regulations, but most of all by peace and continual communication with life ashore. I am induced to hope that naval men themselves are satisfied with my accounts of their profession, from many communications I have had about the reception of my books among them.

It is often objected to me—but somehow oftenest by landsmen—that I depict the service with satirical colours and satirical bias. The one answer is, that I paint nothing but what I have seen, and say nothing that I am not prepared to justify. It is true that political jobbery and oligarchical preference (influences due not alone to the aristocratic, but at least as much to the popular element in our state) *do* afflict the Navy with features which are at once ludicrous and dangerous. We have, afloat, a good deal of fogyism and a good deal of incapacity: what shall we gain by pretending not to see them? But I hope that there is evidence in my writings that I can see something else—the energy, the buoyancy, the pluck, and the heart of the hundreds of young gentlemen of England who make the sea their choice of life, and of the sturdy and jolly men whom it is their business to lead. We must never confound a defect in organization with a defect in material.

I shall only ask the good-natured reader of my books for two favours. Let him remember that these early ones—now being republished—were written when I was very young. Let him, also, judge of my principles and feelings not by isolated passages, but by general bearing and tendency.

JAMES HANNAY.

LONDON, *April* 21, 1856.

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# KING DOBBS.

## CHAPTER I.

### AN OLD LIEUTENANT.

A CONSIDERABLE number of years ago, there might have been observed among the attendants of the Admiralty levees an old lieutenant of gallant bearing, and an appearance that was commanding without being pretentious. His right hand usually carried a stick. The left sleeve of his coat fell close by his side, where it was made fast; for the arm that ought to have been in it lay somewhere in the Atlantic, as might have been learned from the naval register that contained the amount of pension bestowed by a generous government in return for the sacrifice. When he emerged from his quiet town lodging in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross (a neighbourhood much patronized by half-pay naval men, and duly despised by spirited youths about town), he used to wend his way, with a quiet dignity, to the Admiralty; and we may say, without exaggeration, that he would have gone more cheerfully into action; for his reception was not over cordial. First of all, he was only a lieutenant; secondly, he was a poor man; thirdly, he had performed services for which he ought to have been rewarded long before, and was therefore a kind of standing reproach to those who had rewards to give away. Dignified captains, who had seen no service, used to speak of him as a "worthy officer;" fast lieutenants as "an old brick;" and midshipmen of good connexions, as "poor old boy." But whatever any of them said had but little effect, further than to raise a quiet smile on the face of Lieutenant Dobbs. Such was his name, as was very well known to his tradesmen, when they duly sent him in their bills, and to his agent, who never advanced him any money.

Dobbs entered the service during the war, and gave himself up to it with undivided enthusiasm. As a midshipman, he was to be seen during action, carrying tubes about, to serve out to the men at his quarters. He always volunteered to go away in boats on any dangerous service; but, somehow or other, he was unlucky from the beginning. He showed more courage in a failure than the generality of men did in a successful attempt; but that many of his expeditions were failures, was not his fault.

Some officers have a judicious way of sending out those under their command, on the most hazardous attempts, that *they* may get the credit of being dashing officers. If the attempt succeed, why, they march into reputation and rank over the fallen bodies of some scores of poor fellows, and say in their despatches—"The conduct of Lieutenant —— is above all praise," (a capital plan, by the way, of saving the trouble of bestowing it!) while, if it fails, they tell the same Lieutenant ——, that "the less said about the affair, the better," and so let it drop.

Dobbs was, at various periods, the victim of all these gentlemanly manœuvres, resembling in his career, in this respect, the individual selected by a conjuror out of his audience, on whom to exhibit his tricks. During a long service he gained a reputation, which brought him little promotion; and lost an arm, which secured him but a small amount of money.

Dobbs, however, was of an imperturbably good disposition. When there was a quarrel in the mess he did his best to make it up again. He would keep anybody's watch for him, if the person he obliged wanted to go on shore ; and would come up in the long night watches to walk about with a messmate, when he knew the lieutenant of the watch was too sulky to open any conversation with him. But his ill luck pursued him, when his intentions were best. His interference in quarrels got him blamed as a "busybody ;" and midshipmen sometimes thought that his civilities were not disinterested.

When he was kind to the men, first lieutenants accused him of seeking an undue popularity, and when he was strictly obedient to his superiors, he incurred the imputation of being a toady from his equals. In fact, poor Dobbs, if he had ever read Rochefoucauld, would, no doubt, have often quoted with a sigh, the maxim of that sagacious moralist, which declares that —"Le mal que nous faisons ne nous attire pas tant de persécutions et de haine, que nos bonnes qualités." His good qualities did not do him half the good that the bad qualities of others did them.

For example:—he had a high sense of honour, and when a midshipman of the "Maraschino," a corvette, commanded by Captain Blubbe, was second in a duel to one of his messmates. The messmate thought it delicate and proper to say to his opponent on the ground—"Well, Coxby, I wont shoot you, but I'll just graze your shoulder!" And probably, he would have kept his word, and let him off in that slight manner ; but whether he had taken too much brandy in his coffee, or whether his hand was "out" or not, is uncertain—the result was, that he shot him through the head. Dobbs got all the blame of the affair ; and Blubbe threatened to send him home off the station ; but as he was too useful a man to be dispensed with, contented himself with persecuting him while he remained on board, and maligning him after he left the ship.

It is probable that the unhappy Dobbs might have ultimately recovered himself, and turned out a successful man ; but he had not long been made a lieutenant before he fell in love with the daughter of a boatswain. He was then lieutenant of a ship at Portsmouth, and was the innocent cause of much amusement to his brother officers. Indeed, we remember being informed by one who was then in the same ship, that Dobbs fell in love just at the right time; for that the time was "d—d dull" (as our informant said), and that the love affair just served as a topic of amusement, before the dulness of the squadron grew absolutely intolerable.

When a note addressed "Lieutenant Dobbs, R.N.," came on board, with a green seal, bearing the legible imprint of "Martha," great laughter used to be excited. The youngsters in his watch used to think themselves entitled to neglect their duty, in consequence of the exceeding "softness" of their officer. But when it was positively known that the day was fixed for the marriage ceremony, the excitement became intense.

The news was quite true. We all know what *some* men would do, if they were in love with a boatswain's daughter. Dobbs, however, behaved honourably, and "like a fool," as the phrase goes—he married "Martha," and went upon half-pay.

One morning after the event, Mrs. Forrester, the wife of a rich city broker, was seated in her drawing room, in Tavistock Square. Everything in the room was of the rich heavy description. The chandelier was so extensive, and such numbers of crystal drops sparkled in it, that the astonished gazer would readily admit the truth of what the lady was in the habit of telling all her friends with regard to it,—viz., that the united exertions of a man and a boy, for an entire day, were required to clean and put it in order. At one side of the room, on a table, stood a glass case of stuffed humming-birds, all green, crimson, and gold, with nests as small as a girl's mouth; on the other, was a glass case covering two graceful figures, whom Mrs. Forrester knew (for the shopman had told her husband, when he paid for them) to be "Bacchus and

Ariadne." The damask sofas were not degraded by covers, for the lady saw no use in taking particular care of them—"Had not Mr. Forrester got plenty of money?"

Opposite Mrs. Forrester was seated another lady, of a fresh complexion, and very white teeth. She was richly dressed, and had the air of a woman who wished to be a grandee, and yet was afraid she couldn't manage it. The table groaned—or, rather, did not groan, (by the bye, who ever invented that absurd expression of the table groaning, a thing which could never happen, unless it was of most rickety construction?) beneath a silver canister containing bride-cake, a bottle of madeira, and one of sherry.

"Yes," said Mrs. Forrester, "I am indeed glad that John has married into the family of one of his own profession. It is a very gallant profession. In fact, Mr. Forrester tells me that the funds depend very much indeed on the operations of the British fleet!"

"No doubt of it, madam," said the other lady.

"Yes," continued her companion; "and such alliances are respectable, and of course valuable in my eyes. For you must of course be aware, my dear, that the family of Dobbs is most ancient and honourable. The grandfather of John and I married into the family of the Lord Criffel, who lost his head in consequence of his being out in the 'forty-five.'"

"Just so!" remarked the visitor—not appearing, however, to know very clearly the meaning of the allusion to the "forty-five."

Mrs. Forrester continued, with much rhetorical fluency, similar details. She was rather of a public-speaker turn of address, and had been intended for a governess—from which she was saved by marrying Mr. Forrester, whom she captivated by a speech on the corn laws, which she delivered to him on a sofa in a drawing-room, where they were sitting together at an evening party.

"John has distinguished himself very much in action," she went on. "That was a most brilliant affair in which he lost his arm! It must be very pleasant to you to hear his adventures, and compare them with those of your father, who has, doubtless, also distinguished himself."

"Very pleasant, indeed!" was the reply; but the lady coloured a little, and did not look altogether at her ease.

Mrs. Forrester resumed—"Of course, when John told me that your father was an officer in the service, I knew he must be somebody of rank. When good families get poor, why, it tenfold increases the necessity of being particular in their alliances."

"You are quite right," said her friend, with a glance at the French timepiece. "My father got great credit in Blunder's action off Ushant. The mainstay was shot away, and he spliced it during the action."

"Oh, indeed! I did not know that would come within the range of his duties. Was he a lieutenant, then?"

"Lieutenant! oh dear, no!"

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Forrester, with an anxious look. "What then?"

"Why, I thought you knew," said the other—"I thought Mr. Dobbs would have told you."

"No, indeed—I assure you."

"Why, dear me, I thought he told you! He was a boatswain!"

"God bless me!" cried Mrs. Forrester, with a shriek. And, to use the language of a novelist—"Nature was too much for her, and Mrs. Forrester fainted!"

Her guest, Mrs. Dobbs, wife of Lieutenant Dobbs, R.N., rushed down stairs in a fit of passion, leaving her to recover at her leisure, and made her way along the street. She gained her lodging, knocked loudly, and hurried up stairs.

There was sitting in the room a gentleman in a shooting coat, employed in measuring on a chart with a pair of compasses. He started as he saw the expression of her face, and said—"God bless me! Martha!"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Dobbs! You may look astonished—but I'll not be humiliated by your relations! What do I care for Lord Criffel, or your grandmother? Didn't you ask me to marry you? Did I force you to it? Couldn't I have married Mr. Timson, the master of the dockyard?" With which interrogations Mrs. Dobbs hurried off to her bed room, where her sobbing was distinctly audible to the landlady—who concluded, of course, that her husband had been beating her, and at once set down that long-suffering and much injured man as a brute.

"Good God!" was the reflection of Dobbs. "Why hadn't I courage to tell my sister! Damme, ain't I brave?" and the unhappy fellow thought of the time when he led the second division of boarders on to the deck of a Turkish frigate, and dashed the teeth of Selim Baboo (one of her lieutenants) down his throat with the hilt of his sword. "Hang it, Martha shall not be insulted! I'll tell my sister she must treat her as my wife. I'll go there to-morrow!"

Dobbs, however, was saved the trouble by the arrival of a perfumed note—which, as the newspapers say, we now subjoin:—

"Tavistock Square, Tuesday Evening.

"Dear John,—I always knew that you were a fool ('so I am,' thought Dobbs); but I never went the length of questioning your sanity. This, however, I am now prepared to do. The man who could marry a boatswain's daughter—but it is in vain to reason with you. Had your poor father been alive, this blow would have crushed him to the earth! Of course, I can see you no more; but I have my husband's authority for saying you are at liberty to draw upon him for ten pounds occasionally, should your melancholy circumstances require it. I do not wish to pain you by allusions to your probable expenses—but, as the daughter of a boatswain, your wife, of course, drinks rum! I should recommend you to go to sea again. The newspapers state that there is a great want of officers on the coast of Africa station. The accounts of the mortality there are *much exaggerated.* By living with the strictest regard to temperance, you will avoid danger. Farewell!

"Your affectionate and distressed sister,

"JANE FORRESTER."

When Dobbs had perused the letter, he pitched it on the fire—from whence, however, it was rescued by his wife, who entered at the moment. She treasured it carefully up, and used to read it with much triumph when any dispute arose between them, for many years afterwards.

Not long after this event, Dobbs and his wife went down to Plymouth, where, after Mrs. Dobbs's annoyance had passed off, they lived quietly, and on the whole, very happily together—adding to the population of this country by the production of one male child, and one female ditto. These they brought up very respectably, and the neighbours round about them looked with much respect (mingled with a certain pity) on "Goosey Dobbs," as he was called by his naval comrades.

We now return to him, as first presented to the reader, emerging from his lodging near Charing Cross, to proceed to an Admiralty levee. From the sketch given of his previous life, it will be believed that he was by no means at his ease in proceeding there. In fact, he was going to ask a favour—and bolder men than even Dobbs had been awed on going with such an object to a board, commanded (as at that time it virtually was) by the right honourable secretary. Dobbs had got tired of living on shore so long; his children were growing up—they would require something more than his half-pay and "ten pounds occasionally" could procure for them; besides, he wished to have a sniff of salt water and—gunpowder, if possible, again before he died; so he thought he would ask for the command of a ten gun brig. He passed in at the portal, and was shown up stairs, where were the lords who formed the board, and the secretary who governed the lords.

"Dobbs—Dobbs? The right honourable had heard of Dobbs. The right honourable believed that there was some worth in Dobbs. The right honourable would condescend to look to the request of Dobbs!" Such was the interview.

Let us humbly and afar off, as the mariner takes the altitude of the sun at noon, attempt to take the altitude of this great luminary. In his, as in the case of the sun, there is a difference between the *apparent* and the *true* altitude of such luminaries.

He was an alien with brains, who came into this country to make his fortune on the strength of them. There are various ways of doing this. Some try it by endeavouring, in a literary way, to interest and amuse large classes of their countrymen. These persons begin in the usual manner—that is, by living in a garret, and writing for a magazine; they amuse hundreds, and are waited for eagerly, and read; but they are of course looked down upon by venal politicians, heavy critics, and pedantic reviewers; and being only witty, inventive, and popular (which is their great crime), are snubbed by all sorts of ponderously asinine persons.

Others go to work in a more profitable manner, and take up politics as a trade, becoming either unscrupulous supporters, or dishonest antagonists of the ministry of the day—in the first case being hired to speak, and in the second being bribed to hold their tongues. This was our friend's game. He found tory bigotry predominant when he started, and of course became a tory bigot in due course. He wrote for the party, spoke for the party, lied for the party, and was fed by the party.

When secretary to the Admiralty, he governed (as we have remarked) the board. He used to affect to imitate Julius Cæsar, and would dictate despatches, in alternate sentences, to three commanders in chief, of different stations, at the same time. This operation (though no doubt much admired by the clerks) was not, on the whole, beneficial to the country, if it be true, as is confidently asserted, that it sometimes resulted in his ordering the admiral of the Pacific to proceed from Valparaiso to Corfu at once, and the commander in chief at Malta, to be sure to reach Bombay in a week. He, however, is decidedly a clever man, and much amusement may be anticipated from the memoirs which he is said to be writing in imitation of Horace Walpole, particularly if he be sufficiently copious in the detail of *all* his experience.

Such was the secretary whom Dobbs humbly visited. Perhaps the best thing in his favour is, that having been mauled by Macaulay, scorched by Carlyle, and lacerated by Disraeli, he is still in existence as a sentient being.

With such consolation as this man's condescension could afford, our friend Dobbs returned to his family at Plymouth, and his quiet occupations—his saunter through the dockyards in the morning, his homely dinner, his lesson in navigation to his boy—and so he passed the time till next winter came on, without hearing anything of the command which he had requested. The time came when the packets sailed from Falmouth to Halifax, and Dobbs was appointed to the command of one of them. This was a gift, which, under the circumstances, was like presenting him with a shroud. The vessel was old and unsafe—the weather terrible; but then there was the order to go, and the alternative—to leave the service; so he made his will (which was the regular practice of men in the old packet service) and left his plate with his wife behind him.

It was always one of Dobbs's favourite notions to send his son into the navy. Poor fellow! his own experience, one would think, had not been very encouraging; but then his boy might have better luck; and that hope was a rainbow, raised by the sun of his faith on the cloud of his misfortunes; so he bid the boy good-bye, and wrote a letter, commending him to the care of his brother-in-law, Mr. Forrester. He never expected to return: but he told his wife that "the danger was overrated—the 'Stormy Petrel' brig was a capital one," and so forth.

The "Stormy Petrel" sailed from Falmouth. The winter passed away. The spring came back again; but its healthy gales did not bear back the brig. Summer came; but neither did its gentle breezes waft her back to England. Where did she perish? And what were the last thoughts of the kindly man, whose disappointed life was destroyed by the whirling waters? The Atlantic, that huge grave, tells no tales!

So Mrs. Dobbs was a widow, and the name of Lieutenant Dobbs figured in the obituary, in Mr. Murray's Navy List; and Mrs. Dobbs went to live in a cottage near Portsmouth, her native place, where her name by that time was almost forgotten. She took her two children to live with her in a very humble way; and up to that period of our history, none of the family even dreamed of, or predicted, the future glories of His Majesty King Dobbs.

## CHAPTER II.

### DOBBS JUNIOR BEGINS TO "SEE LIFE."

Several years have passed since the bones of poor old Dobbs first began to whiten in the Atlantic, and our English earth is dotted over with some more graves—little mounds, the marks made by the tears of time. Mr. Forrester lies under one of them—his widow inheriting his property, and living in Hampshire. The Dobbs family, consisting of that lady, her son John, the heir apparent, and her daughter Caroline, are still living in the cottage near Portsmouth, where we left them. The reader is, therefore, prepared to take up the thread of the story, with Dobbs junior as its hero.

When Mrs. Forrester heard that her brother was lost in the "Stormy Petrel," a fact announced to her by her husband at breakfast, by—"I say Jane, Jack's drowned!" (for he was a man of few words), she was really and truly very sorry. If it had been Mrs. Dobbs instead, she would not have minded, perhaps. But she began to remember that the departed one was not only "my brother the lieutenant, who made the foolish match," but "my brother Jack;" so she had some serious remorse, which it is unnecessary to enter into; for however sorry one generation is for their misdeeds, the next goes on imitating them, and being sorry, when it is too late, in precisely the same way. She did what she could, however. She sent the juvenile John to school; she took his sister to live with her; and she treated their mother with much courtesy and kindness; indeed, she cannot be said, even when she neglected, to have seriously disliked that lady. Perhaps, after all, the reason why she quarrelled with her was not so much that she was a boatswain's daughter, as that her own penetration had failed to discover the fact from her manners; however, at the time of which we now speak, the difference was forgotten.

"I say, mother," said Mr. John Dobbs one evening, startling the old lady from a snug position in her arm-chair, "what am I going to be?"

This is a question which youths ask themselves with the utmost confidence, as if it only depended on them to determine the fact. We know one or two gentlemen who "are going to be" poets, though nature seems to be of a different opinion at present.

"How you frighten me, my dear. What do you mean?"

"Why, what profession am I to be of? Here's Mr. Chilton, a midshipman of the 'Pestilent,' has been independent these three years, though he's only nineteen, like myself, and has his debts, and duns, and everything, like a grown-up man."

"Well, my dear, I'm sure I hope you wont be as independent as Mr. Chilton. Don't tell your aunt Forrester your desires in that respect."

"Oh, it's nearly all up there!" said the youth, with a gloomy expression of countenance; "there's a parson got her in tow, as Chilton says, and she wont leave us a rap." And so saying, the youthful Dobbs departed through a window, which opened on the garden of the cottage, and his fat figure was seen to pass through the gate.

Young Dobbs had been educated (at the suggestion of Mr. Forrester) at what was called a commercial academy, where arithmetic was mainly relied upon for the development of the human faculties. Here he had become acquainted with many of the sons of rich tradesmen, who had entertained him with accounts of what they had picked up, at second hand, of London dissipation. He was one of the best natured fellows breathing, and would not have annoyed his mother for the world; but his notions were so unsettled, and his nature so pliable, that he was perpetually being led into doing things which bid fair to effect that object. He had now fallen in with a set of naval fellows, of whom the Mr. Chilton he spoke of was the chief; and their society, which alternately excited and dismayed him, kept him in a kind of pleasurable torment, that unfitted him for home life. Mr. Chilton's society may be said to have resembled Curaçoa—inasmuch as though eminently agreeable, it was not the sort of thing to take much of? He was of a good family, who did not patronise him much—of good means, which he was fast getting through—and of good talents, which he turned to no profitable account.

Dobbs walked along after leaving his mother's cottage. He was obviously undecided where to go; and he muttered to himself, in a melancholy manner—"It's not my fault—I can't stay at home! There's my mother asleep; and my sister at Mrs. Forrester's. I can't remain in, to read Young's *Night Thoughts*, on an evening like this." So on he marched, until he stopped mechanically outside a certain hotel, much patronised by his naval friends. Here he paused irresolute.

"Halloo, Dobbs," cried a youth, coming up to him, and giving him a slap, which made his fat quiver like calf's-foot jelly; "here you are again!"

Dobbs sighed. It was his friend Chilton—"How are you?" said Dobbs.

"Very well—as usual! Why are you lingering about? Why don't you go up? My dear fellow, it's no use murmuring against destiny. I have been all my life under the domination of a Nemesis, with a pot of porter in her hand. Come along!"

So they went up stairs into a billiard-room, where several youths of the same age were assembled, presenting the usual phenomena—bare sleeves, chalky fingers, &c., while cigars, ready to be resumed after each stroke, lay, ends outwards, on the sides of the table.

Chilton was received in the most flattering manner. "Here I am, you see," he said. "I just harpooned Dobbs as I came along, and hauled him up!"

"Why, Dobbs, my dear fellow," said another, "why don't you enter into the spirit of these affairs a little more? Your governor was a naval man, and used to floor his two bottles of port regularly. 'Gad, sir! Simpson, of our ship, knew him when he was in the 'Maraschino,' and says, that there was nothing so cool as the way in which he bore the loss of a bet—except, perhaps, the way in which he lost his arm!"

Dobbs' cheeks glowed with pleasure. He was so thoroughly goodnatured, as to like to hear his relations praised, even better than himself; and the reflection which passed through his mind was—"These fellows are sincere at bottom."

"Well, gentlemen," said Chilton, assuming an air of importance, "I have now to announce to this honourable society, or gang, as our first lieutenant ignominiously denominates it, that an occasion will present itself this evening for much enjoyment. You are all aware that I have been uniformly distinguished, in public life, as a strict supporter of the institutions of this country. When in Malta, I was a conspicuous member of that *Society for the Suppression of Maltese Insolence*, which resulted in so much benefit to the degraded population of that unhappy island. I am not vain, gentlemen; but who lured the notorious dun Saijan into the second gig of the 'Tulip,' and safely deposited him, to the terror of the gulls, on the fair way buoy?"

Here Chilton drew from his pocket a crumpled handbill, and read to his attentive audience, the following announcement:—

"LIBERTY FOR EVER! DOWN WITH TYRANTS!

*A Meeting will be held this Evening, at Rummy Buildings, to explain to the People of Portsmouth the principles of*

THE POLECAT POLITICAL SOCIETY.

The proceedings will be opened by

ISCARIOT PIMPLES, Esq., the Chairman."

"That meeting," continued he, "I propose to attend, with your concurrence."

The proposal was instantly agreed to, and Chilton further suggested, that they should leave their watches in the charge of the marker, till they returned. He then borrowed a few lucifer matches (declining to give any reason for it) from the same individual, and the party set off.

"Now, Dobbs," whispered Chilton, taking him by the arm, "keep close to me; do whatever I do; and, above all, stay as near the door as possible."

Dobbs would have much rather gone home, but Chilton had obtained such an ascendency over him that he dared not hint at such a thing. So he walked on, amusing himself by framing excuses for his absence, to be given when he got home.

When they arrived at Rummy Buildings, they found the usual frequenters of such meetings dropping in. There were the labourers from the dockyards and elsewhere, who thought that it would be a change after the public-house, for one evening, and who attended it as they did Punch in the streets, because it was to be seen for nothing. There were the smaller section of discontented people, who came because they were sure to hear their superiors abused in better language than they could command themselves; there were small tradesmen, who felt certain that they would not find their wives there; and a sprinkling of speculative persons, who, having exhausted their credit, for beer, in the neighbourhood, dropped in, for the sake of a little economical excitement. One or two of the respectable tradesmen had come to exhibit themselves, as great guns on the platform.

"Where's the senior churchwarden?" roared a dirty fellow, in the body of the meeting.

"He's a dining with the vicar!" cried some congenial spirit in the distance.

This announcement was hailed with triumphant laughter, which obviously showed that the remark was, in the eyes of the company, a biting sarcasm, and that dining with the vicar was an act contemptible in their eyes.

Chilton and his party found no difficulty, as the company all hurried as near the platform as possible, in securing places near the door; and as they threw in some remarks occasionally, audible in the neighbourhood, such, as "that they trusted this display would convince government that the people of England were not to be trifled with," &c., they were benignantly looked on, and taken for the sons of some of the liberal gentlemen of the county.

Presently, Iscariot Pimples, Esq., made his appearance on the platform, and drank some cold water (the regular "dodge"), though with the air of a man who was not familiar with, nor friendly to, the potation.

Chilton then further got into the good grace of the neighbours by saying—"What an intellectual head!" the fact being, that the gentleman's head, on the contrary, was retreating, as regarded the forehead, and bilged out, as regarded the posterior development, there being nothing very startling about the *ensemble* but the grog-blossoms, which imparted a certain Bacchanalian poetry to its general effect.

The orator began. There was the old flourish about tyrants—and a yelp against abuses—and a bite at the aristocracy—and a snarl at the bishops. The audience cheered. The orator dropped a muddy tear for the fate of paupers, which, however, he did not show any way of alleviating. The audience groaned.

"This is slow," said Carisford, one of the set.

"Where's Chilton?" asked our friend Dobbs. Mr. Chilton had disappeared.

"He can't have bolted," said Carisford; "there's no humbug about Chil—let's wait a minute."

Just about this time, there was a palpable change in the aspect of the orator. He faltered. Good Heaven! could he have been poisoned by a minion of the aristocracy? He struggled to be calm, and proceeded—"The British Const—(a snort)—retire—(a gasp)—humbug—(a sneeze)."

At this moment, an explosion was heard in the centre of the room, followed by the distant roar of two policemen.

There was a dreadful commotion in the room. Just then, a man, wrapped in the frock of a dockyard's labourer, passed near Carisford and the party, and whispered, "Mind yourselves, gents."

"Gracious! who's that?" said Carisford; but the speaker was gone.

"What does it all mean? Oh, dear!" whispered Dobbs, who was not used to such adventures.

At that instant, there was another explosion, and a cloud rolled down the room. A moment, and there was an odour diffused, such as breathed from the jaws of Avernus.

"I know that smell," cried Carisford to his friends; "by Jove, it's a stink pot!" In an instant they bounded through the door, and escaped into the street.

It was then that there began such a struggle for the door, as Rummy Buildings had never before witnessed, such, as we hope, the present generation may never again behold. Black eyes were liberally bestowed on all sides; misshapen noses yielded generous blood, &c. Meanwhile, Dobbs and his friends watched the battle "afar off."

"Hope you'll stand some beer, gents, for giving of you notice," said the labourer they had already seen. They turned to speak to him; off went the smock. "Well, boys, how did you like it?" cried Chilton, emerging from the disguise he had assumed. "Come along back to the hotel."

In a few minutes they were seated before a cold supper.

"How was it all man—" began Dobbs.

"Not a word, my dear boy, till supper is over. Here, take some punch; don't be frightened, it's regular two waters—wont do you any harm. 'Gad, Dobbs, you ought to have been a sailor."

"But how about going home?" said Dobbs, with a dolorous expression of countenance.

"Bah! my dear boy, it's too late to think of that to-night. I can just see your family residence in my mind's eye, at this moment. The shutters are all closed and the door bolted; the dog has fallen asleep in the kennel, and the cat has composed herself on the hearth-rug; the housemaid has just bid good night to the policeman; and the page is out spending the evening at his mother's the charwoman."

At this stage of the proceedings, Dobbs sighed.

"Besides, my dear boy, your venerable and august mamma, having shut up the piano, put the family bible on the chest of drawers in her bed-room, and deposited her spectacles on the looking-glass, is dreaming quietly that you are first lord of the Admiralty. Well, then, what happens if you go home? The policeman watches you as you go through the garden-gate; the dog howls, when he hears your step; you stumble, as you go in, across the pig, who is probably about this period loose among the polyanthuses; and everybody in the house imagines that you are a robber—deciding, when you have shown the falsity of that supposition, that you are drunk."

And so saying, the jug was passed over once more by Mr. Chilton to Dobbs; and Dobbs did all he could do under the circumstances—he helped himself.

The supper having been cleared away, and cigars produced, the unwearied Chilton proceeded to narrate how he had managed to stop the meeting, and to create the "political crisis" already described.

The reader is probably aware that there has been an arrangement made to instruct the youth of our navy in gunnery, and other arts of war, by the establishment of H.M.S. "Pestilent," for that purpose. There, great proficiency is attained in all that belongs to the destruction of human life and property; and aspirants are examined in their proficiency therein, and their power tested, by their being made to construct rockets—also, certain contrivances politely named "stink pots"—and other combustibles. Mr. Chilton's abilities once fairly directed to the subject, had, of course, gained him knowledge of it. He had provided himself, on this occasion, with some of the choicest specimens of his art—had ignited them cautiously—bolted hastily

—and, in fact, produced the result he had wished to a tittle. The diffusion of science was an object which this amiable young man always had at heart.

The evening had now advanced to a late hour. There was a volunteer of the first class (as naval cadets were then called) present, and this juvenile had fallen asleep.

Chilton was one of those fellows who appear to "wear their hearts upon their sleeve," yet with whom it is soon found by "daws," who try to "peck at" them, that the heart is only a very good imitation—whereat the daws, like the birds that flew at the grapes in the picture of the Greek, take wing again, disappointed, away. He was, perhaps, a good hearted fellow naturally. It was one of his peculiarities, that drinking always made him serious. He was much more like what is called a reasoning being, at a certain period of the evening than at other times.

He now rang the bell—and when the waiter appeared, pointed to the slumbering youth, and said—"Take that boy away, and put him to bed."

The waiter made no remark whatever, but simply lifted up the juvenile, and removed him from the room.

"Now, then," Chilton began, and went on to address the party. "If it be action that we want," said he, "are there not other countries where action terminates in something else than street brawls and soda water? If it be observation, can we not find opportunities of observing man where he is not fettered by the rusty chains of conventionalism? And if it be luxury, there are lands where nature's sweetest gifts are *gifts* in reality, and not as they are here, to be wrung by a golden hand from the grasp of the millionaire—who, in his turn, has wrung them with an iron one from the feeble sinews of the poor."

This practical remark excited Messrs. Carisford and Pereira, who at once concurred in opinion, and volunteered to join Chilton in any expedition he might propose; while Dobbs said nothing, though he was much influenced by the enthusiasm of the others. His common sense was strongest of the whole, and he was already calculating those awkward things in every undertaking—the details!

Carisford glanced at him, and filled his glass.

Dobbs drank mechanically.

"What means," continued Chilton, "the dissipation of young men at this time, of which grave people complain? Is it not a practical protest against a state of society which gives us no employment for our faculties? We drink because you cannot tell us where to act according to the abilities we have. Why, my boys, when we attack the police, we are, in soul, employed against an army; our slumber in the kennel is a bivouac; and when we go to eat whitebait at Greenwich, we are emigrants in spirit, and partake of the same enthusiasm that animated Hengist and Horsa. We must fly Europe!"

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Carisford.

Dobbs made his first observation for the evening at this point. It was but one word—"Money!"

Chilton muttered something about a "speculative man."

Carisford said, "Oh, that of course! We must get hold of a capitalist."

Pereira seemed to have been prostrated by the mere word. There was a pause in the conversation.

"My relatives have money," said Chilton, "but it might just as well be in the Goodwin Sands, as far as fructifying goes. They remind me of the sea, that has all sorts of pearls in it, and doesn't know the value of them. I have some myself, but it's not sufficient for the purpose. To do anything, we must have a yacht."

"I sha'n't have a rap till I come of age," said Carisford, with a melancholy look.

Dobbs had been for some time in a state of deep reflection. At last, he opened his mouth, and muttered something about his aunt.

The company pricked up their ears. When men are discussing money matters, there is something wonderfully attractive in the mention of an aunt.

"'Gad, I hope you wont fall out with her, as I did with mine," remarked Chilton. "I promised the old lady, when I was going to Malta, to bring her some pebbles from St. Paul's bay there; and she, unluckily, found out afterwards, that those I brought her were from the beach at Southsea."

Dobbs then went on to tell his attentive audience that his aunt's name was Forrester—that she had got money—that he was her heir.

A further conversation took place, which resulted in an agreement being made, that the united force of the company present was to be brought to bear in the matter; and that, in the event of the money falling into the possession of Dobbs, a yacht was to be forthwith purchased, in which the party were to proceed, to find, in foreign countries, that "vent for ambition," which, according to their unanimous opinion, was not to be found in this.

"How I long to have an opportunity of benefiting mankind!" said Dobbs, in the full flow of his enthusiasm.

"Ah, Dobbs!" said Chilton, "you are just the man to make that grand desideratum of politicians, a benevolent despot!"

"And now," cried the lively Carisford, "let us proceed to finish the evening."

"Good," cried Chilton and Pereira.

"My gracious!" thought Dobbs; "I should have imagined it was finished already."

After hurrying along for some time, in a direction unknown to Dobbs, they entered a house, and found themselves in a large room, which, from the fact that fiddling was going on at one end, and dancing in the body of it, appeared to be the scene of a ball. This impression, however, was somewhat diminished by the fact, that a considerable number of the company were smoking, and by the appearance of some pewter pots. The room, in fact, displayed, in the language of a popular novelist, "the gleam of pewter—the glare of tallow—and the perfume of bird's-eye." And yet those young men who were dancing there, in such eccentricity of attire, and with such still greater eccentricity of gesture, were most of them men who had danced in as proud ball-rooms as any that lie north of Oxford-street and west of Bond-street, or within whatever limits exclusiveness may have fixed its boundaries. There were youths waltzing with partners to whom we decline further to allude, whose ancestors may have performed the stately minuet in the royal saloons of the Grand Monarque ; and, to give a more homely illustration of the contrasts afforded by the scene—the blood that flowed occasionally from a tap of the "mawley" from yonder Jew slopseller, was the purest Norman.

There were all sorts of officers there—the good-looking middle-aged infantry captain; the tall awkward ensign ; the burly naval master's assistant, with the pestilent stubble of an unshorn chin plainly developed; and the long, insipid-looking, snubnosed lieutenant of marines, who plays the flute, and calls you into his cabin to read you Milton's lines on Eve—

> "Grace was in all her steps," &c.

and asks you whether they don't apply wonderfully to Miss Podgers, the unmarried daughter of Mr. Podgers, of Laura Cottage.

There was handsome Harry Bulstrode, Lieutenant, R.N., who got his promotion, as they say, by a *liaison* with one of the Portuguese blood royal; and stupid squinting young Glacier, son of Captain Glacier, R.N., the worthy officer who asked his midshipmen in the

"Tirynthius" to lend him their mess plate, and stopped the leave of all of them for declining to do so.

The Jews were not there in great force, inasmuch as, not long before, there had been a regular pitched battle between an English and a Jewish champion, which, it is satisfactory to know, resulted in the English champion, a sturdy marine officer, breaking two ribs and the collar-bone of his opponent. After this combat a humble deputation waited on the officers of the "Pestilent" to request a flag of truce, which was graciously granted.

Chilton, Carisford, Pereira, and Dobbs returned to the hotel at an early hour in the morning. In the broad daylight a young fellow came up to them, with the obvious intention of addressing Dobbs.

"Who is that snob?" asked the hasty Chilton.

Dobbs coloured and looked confused.

"Cut him," said his companion, pulling him by the arm.

"Why, halloo, Jack!" said the stranger, approaching.

Dobbs turned away his head, and the party moved over to the other side.

"Never speak to these fellows, old boy," said Chilton, in a patronizing tone.

Dobbs said nothing, but he felt rather ashamed of himself, for the youth was one of his mother's relations, one of the unhappy dockyard birds. He was now getting very intimate with his new friends: had he not sacrificed, in honour of them, one of his own family!

When young Dobbs awoke at noon at the hotel, where he and his friends had passed the night, he gazed about him with rather a puzzled expression of countenance. He missed the clustering branches of ivy that used to flutter in the wind before the casement of his quiet bedroom at home. There was no humble yellow jug there, with a bunch of flowers in it; no "landscape with Abraham and Isaac," suspended on the wall; but everything was showy and extensive; and the eyes that had been accustomed to trace in every little arrangement the hand of a presiding mother, were now saluted only with what testified the attention of a hotel chambermaid. Dobbs was of a homely nature, and did not feel at ease; the poor sinner began to feel the first peck of the beak of the vulture—remorse. His conscience smote him, but, unfortunately, just at the same moment, the waiter smote the door.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the waiter; "breakfast quite ready. Mr. Chilton wants to know whether you take brandy in your soda water? Some take curaçoa, sir, but he says it's an affectation."

Dobbs gave an involuntary sigh. "Nothing just now, thank you," he said. "Tell Mr. Chilton I'll be down to breakfast directly." So, completing his toilet, he descended to the coffee-room, and looking round for his friends, the waiter came up to him.

"This way, sir—private room, if you please. There's a commercial traveller in the coffee-room, sir; daren't show Mr. Chilton there."

"Hail to thee, Dobbs, who shalt be king hereafter!" cried Chilton, as he entered the room. "Sit down, my boy, and take some spatch-cock. By the way, how capital was that of Jigger, of the 'Bustard,' the other day; he wanted to pass himself off as a sporting man, and began talking about shooting spatch-cocks. Poor Jigger! he is always in the rear during the march of intellect, a march which, by the bye, a friend of mine calls the rogues' march, on account of the number of radical rascals that stick themselves in it, and pretend to be leaders."

Dobbs sat down, and was very soon in high spirits again. The attention that these youths showed him pleased him excessively. They seemed to sneer at all mankind, but to have a great respect for him. It was this which chiefly enabled them to have such an influence over his mind. The breakfast went on very merrily; and Dobbs soon forgot, that just about that hour, his mother was going to dinner, and that his place was vacant. The conversation soon turned to the project started the night before. What a delightful thing it is to have a project, however impracticable, in one's head! Building castles in the air is at all times a pleasant amusement; but to have two or three architects of the same age as oneself, employed at the same time—that is delightfully exciting.

"Hollo!" cried Carisford, who had been sitting, having a little quiet abuse of the first lieutenant of his ship with Pereira, at the window, "who's that queer-looking old dame?" and he directed their attention to an old lady, who was bending her steps towards the hotel.

They rushed to the window to look out, when, to the astonishment of all, and to the unquestionable horror of one, the object of their attention suddenly looked up, and, shaking the umbrella, cried—"Oh Johnny! that's where you spend your time away from home, is it?"

It was with difficulty that Carisford and the others restrained their laughter, as Dobbs' look of horror met their eyes.

He coloured with shame, hurriedly said—"Good bye! I'll write you a note soon," to the party, and in a few minutes was seen being led away captive by the apparition.

"His mother, I suppose," said Chilton.

"I suppose so," said Carisford. "I hear that his father made a queer match. They used to call him 'Goosey Dobbs' in the 'Maraschino.' The son seems a very good fellow, however; and we must keep our eye on the aunt business. I think we had better go on board now."

This prudent suggestion was immediately acted on. Indeed, it did not do to play any tricks with the distinguished officer who commanded the "Pestilent." That zealous man was so deeply interested in the welfare of his officers, that he actually liked to know what they talked about in the midshipmen's mess. In his laudable anxiety, he positively used to take the trouble to avail himself of the services of a steward, whose auricular advantages were beyond the usual average; our friends, therefore, were naturally careful about their proceedings, and went quietly off to the vessel on this occasion, taking care, when they got on board, not to talk too loud about their adventures on shore. Had they not taken this precaution, who knows but their zealous commander might have frustrated their project; and where would have been the history with which we trust to interest an intelligent public?

## CHAPTER III.

### PROGRESS.

### CHILTON TO DOBBS.

"H.M. Brig ——, Spithead.

"Dear Dobbs,—You would never guess all that has happened to me, during the three months that have elapsed since we were so abruptly separated at Brokesby Hall. When we got on board, I found that I was appointed to the 'Magnificent'—how, goodness only knows. Such a set of puppies I never came across in my life, as the fellows there! I had not been on board three weeks, before they got up a petition to the Admiralty to let them have a milch cow on board, a request that was almost enough to make Benbow tremble in his grave. Now old M——, the First Lord, could not be expected to have much regard for the Magnificents, seeing, that when he visited the ship, they had the gunroom strewed over with the opposition papers, in which he was at that time being daily lashed with the greatest ferocity; accordingly, we were all of us distributed to small craft, and I was condemned to herd with barbarians in the ——.

Here we are after a cruise, and, for mercy's sake ! let me have a line to know how you are, *and how affairs go. Verbum suf.* I am sick of Europe, and long for opium-clipping, slave-trading, or anything ; but we must have gold. The 'root of all evil' has the pleasantest blossoms possible. Carisford is in the 'Pestilent,' with his leave stopped. Poor Car, who has always been too lazy for the bar, and too loose for the church, now declares that he wont do for the service either. He has grown a desperate republican, and swears that he can no longer breathe the air of kings. As for Pereira, that youth is in Haslar Hospital, recovering from a fever. I am told that there has been a marked improvement in his morals, ever since he wandered through their museum, and saw a jar there with some substance in it, marked 'This is the Brain of a Drunkard'—which subsequently proved to be the *cerebrum* of an old friend. I don't believe it. Write immediately."

Such was Chilton's letter ; and the next day brought an answer, hurried, blotted, scrawled, nervous, but—satisfactory.

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It certainly was very kind of Chilton, to behave so attentively as he did on the melancholy occasion. He wrote a consolatory letter to Dobbs (intended for the mother's eye, of course) that excited the admiration of the whole house by the beauty of the composition. They were touched by the tender melancholy which breathed through the whole, while the philosophical resignation inculcated charmed the moral sense. The letter ought to have been good, for it was judiciously compounded from the best authors ; and probably had Dobbs been familiar with a celebrated letter to Cicero, on the death of his daughter—not to mention one of Swift's on a similar occasion, and various compositions of the same sort—he would not have admired his friend's talent so much as he did.

And now the object of the ambition of Dobbs and his young associates seemed to be within their reach, and they availed themselves of it.

A yacht schooner-rigged was promptly purchased by Dobbs, Carisford insisting on her being fumigated, because she had been last in the possession of a serious family. The difficulties experienced in preparing her would occupy a long detail. A discussion of four hours at least was held on her name, long before anybody of the party knew even what her tonnage was, or had any useful information concerning her qualities at all. Pereira suggested something poetical—the "Snowdrop," for example. Carisford stuck out boldly for having her named after some celebrated female—and the association was nearly divided by a quarrel on the subject.

"What do you say to 'Messalina,' then?" asked Chilton, ironically.

"She was very likely an injured woman," remarked Carisford, in perfect seriousness.

"Perhaps, then, we had better call her the 'Elizabeth Brownrigg' at once," pursued his friend.

"Oh, call her 'Joanna Southcote,' if you like," said Carisford; "you are destitute of imagination!"

"Thank God! I've got common sense, at all events. Why, we'll be the laughing stock of Europe, if you have it all your own way!"

"Let us have something eastern," said Pereira—"the 'Bulbul,' or the 'Pomegranate.'"

Dobbs, whose only duties were to pay money when ordered to do so, took but a small part in these discussions.

"Suppose we call her the 'Baboon,'" said Carisford; "men are often called so—but I do not recollect such a ship in the Navy List."

It was finally settled that the vessel should be called the "Baboon"—which title, being in ostentatious defiance of public opinion, was unanimously approved of.

A sailing master was next chosen. This man was a Scotchman, one Mr. M'Mizen, of long nautical experience, and who, though he had been successively a whaler, slave-trader, smuggler, and a pirate, was a strong Presbyterian. He took the situation with eagerness, remarking that he would "take care of the lads."

The next point settled was the important one of the constitution of the society—and it was decreed that Dobbs should be king, and that the others should form an executive government.

Chilton was appointed the prime minister.

At last the "Baboon" was completely ready for sea. She was a vessel with a long low hull, and painted inside a bright orange colour—outside she was perfectly black, with the exception of a thin white ribband which encircled her like a thread. No wind ever wantoned on the water more airily and delicately than she did; and her canvas was as brilliantly white as a breath over the bare head of Lebanon. Chilton and his friends left the navy, and the final preparations for sailing were made.

Meanwhile, the gradual progress of the "Baboon" had attracted attention in various quarters. Some whispered that she was being prepared for a pirate—others, worse still, that she was going out with missionaries. Stories were told about guns being taken on board in the dead of the night, &c. &c.—and many ingenious lies, like ebony, at once black and brilliant, were narrated at dinner tables in Portsmouth, touching the vessel and her proprietors. It was thought advisable by government to keep an eye on her, and H.M. brig "Tulip" was sent round from Sheerness to watch her.

When the "Tulip" arrived, she hovered about under easy sail. The first night after her arrival, while she was dodging outside the Isle of Wight, it chanced that the middle watch fell to the lot of Lieutenant Bulbous. Bulbous felt sleepy, and Bulbous was rather drunk; so Bulbous quietly went below, and comfortably went to bed. The quartermaster of the watch seeing such an excellent example set him, composed himself to sleep in the hammock nettings; the midshipman, of course, went below—and the man at the wheel lashed the helm a-lee, and took a nap as coolly as the rest of them.

The brig, being left to her own resources, began to wander round and round, and waltz on the ocean for her amusement. The captain, hearing the flapping of sails and plashing of water, rushed on deck, and summoned the officer of the watch, to demand an explanation.

"Why, sir," said Bulbous, "I came on deck—found it blowing—raining—*I can't do it for the money!*"

In the interim, the "Baboon" had dashed down the channel, passing them as swiftly as Mercury bearing a message from Jove.

Morning dawned, black and lowering on the "Baboon's" first night at sea; the clouds hung like patches of dirt in the watery sky; and the sun, when their flying masses disclosed his face, glared between them, looking like one great round drop of blood. In short, it was a morning that on shore merely disagreeable—at sea, was absolutely sublime. On shore, the dense smoke of cities mingling with the wet clouds, hid the sun's face and stayed his struggling rays—at sea, the winds drove away the wet clouds before them, and every instant the sun's face shone upon watching seamen like a ball of fire. On shore, huge cities began slowly to awake to the dull duties of a dark day. Sordid trade with gloomy activity went to its tasks, and wretched uncared-for poverty shivered along the streets. Flying leaves and whirling dust hid the country and clouded the landscape. The peasant plodded through dirt to toil, and forlorn birds huddled themselves in their naked plumage, under dreary hedges. At sea, the descending light of the morning showed the green surface of ocean sparkling with white sails; no flying leaves, no whirling dust hid *that* expanse; ships rested on the bosom of their mother ocean, and seamen, sheltered by the stout bulwarks of their oaken dwellings, went sturdily to their work: the porpoise leaped headlong and exulting through the waves; and the sea bird swept along their surface, in proud and exulting flight.

If a ship be to a seaman a prison with a chance of being drowned, what, after all, is his cot to the labourer but a prison with a chance of being starved? —a better chance, too, as affairs go, and a worse prison.

Morning found the "Baboon," as the wind gradually declined, in the fair-way of the channel, as was shown by the sand and shells, which the faithful "lead" brought up when hove; and morning, too, as it became more advanced, became more agreeable. The sublime merged gradually into the beautiful; the colour of the sun grew paler, yellower, as warmth began to breathe itself into his milky rays; gradually, too, his orb dilated, as you may see dilate the pupil of a lustrous eye; gradually the blackest clouds went—nobody cared where; gradually the wind got softer, sky more blue, air more dry. The "Baboon's" canvas changed gradually from the brown hue which rain had given it, to its primitive white, as a dun falling cloud freezes into snow. The drops on the rigging first glittered, then dried in the sun. Finally, it became a beautiful morning, and high time for breakfast!

So thought Chilton, who had kept the morning watch, for he and his friends, Carisford and Pereira, had organized themselves into the orthodox three watches. In fact, it was their object to establish on board as near an approach to man-of-war discipline as they could. We cannot assert of them, however, that they ever carried their enthusiasm on the subject to the pitch that a late noble lord did, who bargained with his yacht's crew, to pay them extra wages for the privilege of flogging them when he thought proper. Probably, their education had not been sufficiently refined to enable them to appreciate such an expensive luxury.

Chilton, finding the morning looking so fine, summoned Mr. M'Mizen, who had not been in his hammock the whole night, and indeed, seemed not to have any intention of sleeping at all—"Mr. Mizen."

"*Mac*Mizen, if you please, sir," said the fastidious functionary, whose Scotch we translate; "M'Mizen of Bluter, sir, in the Stewartry, near Knock, son of M'Mizen of Humph, whose father was laird of Unco, and died just at the time of—

'The har'st afore the Sherra Muir;'"

concluded Mr. M'Mizen, not able to resist the temptation of quoting Burns as a wind-up.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. M'Mizen," said Chilton, who was always, on system, more courteous to an inferior, than to anybody else; "will you be good enough to call the gentlemen below?"

The sailing-master departed for the purpose, and in a short time Carisford and Pereira made their appearance with him; Pereira rather indignant at Mr. M'Mizen's having come forward to help him up the ladder, with an exclamation of "puir wee lammie!"

"Good morning, boys," said Chilton to his friends; "well, how did you sleep after your watches?"

"Somewhat badly, owing to the howling of the ocean, and the snoring of Dobbs," replied Carisford.

"Well, it's satisfactory to know that he got to sleep at all, poor fellow!" said Pereira; "he was terribly ill when I went below at twelve, and I applied brandy, and persuaded him to come up for a little fresh air."

"Let us leave Mr. M'Mizen in charge, and come below to breakfast," suggested Chilton.

They descended, and found their servant—a youth whom they had engaged, and who, being dressed in a livery which comprised the liveries of all his masters in one, looked rather like a harlequin—busy in the preparation of the morning meal.

"A very nice cabin, indeed," said Chilton, looking round with a patronising air; "nicely decorated. Pereira, you had the amenities under your charge, I believe?"

Pereira bowed.

"Sir, you have deserved well of the republic. Let me see—you, Carisford, took the victualling department?"

"Yes," said Carisford; "I know my responsibility to be great—but I flatter myself that I have acted as becomes my position. Try that ham—taste yon bitter ale—or deeply dive into yonder pie—a miracle of the pie order of architecture!"

"Capital, all!" said Chilton; "but let us breakfast now; and afterwards each member must report on the state of his department. Let us waken old Dobbs. Boy, go up, and tell Mr. M'Mizen to report any change, or anything that heaves in sight, to me."

All three then went forward to a cabin next the chief one—the cabin devoted to purposes of sleep. They advanced to one of the little berths, and gently drawing aside the green silk curtains, the three youths gazed on the tranquil figure of their slumbering monarch. Good-natured Dobbs' honest rosy face lay on the pillow with that sort of mixture of good nature and intelligence on it which you may see in the expression of some of Mr. Landseer's dogs. There was something so helpless, so benevolent, so simple, in the look of this fat good fellow, whom they had dragged from his quiet home and hearth, that the three friends surveyed his sleeping figure with a half feeling of remorse.

"Bless the old boy!" said Carisford, enthusiastically, "I could hug him!"

"Sleep on, sleep on—a thousand times sleep on!" said Chilton, breaking into an extemporary parody of

Don Quixote's famous address to the slumbering Sancho; "thy honest, and withal rather carroty head is troubled with no strange speculations. Thou hast not to deal with scheming guardians, nor ingeniously to prepare for the taking up of accommodation bills. Thou lovest no unapproachable heiress in hopeless resignation; neither dost thou torment thy brain with political fantasies; nor rack and dim it by metaphysical speculation—but all thy thoughts are centred on—"

"Breakfast," said the servant, entering the cabin.

The laugh which followed on the interruption awoke Dobbs. He stared at his friends, and then uneasily round the narrow cabin.

"Good morning—here's a beautiful morning!" said Chilton; "how capitally well you look!"

Dobbs, finding the vessel far more quiet than she had been during his agony of the preceding night (he had been terribly sea sick), rose up cheerfully. In conformity with an ancient regal custom, his courtiers handed his clothes to him, in spite of his protestations against it. They then all walked into the cabin, and seated themselves to a very good breakfast.

"Grill, Dobbs?" said Carisford.

"Thank you—I'll take some."

"*Le roi le veut!*" said Chilton, gravely, passing the plate over to him.

The meal then proceeded in a most promising manner, considering that it was their first one at sea; and Mr. M'Mizen having reported that the breeze kept fair and steady, the associates remained in the cabin to examine their stock, and discuss future proceedings.

The *personnel* of the vessel, and the more serious matters generally, had occupied Chilton's attention. He had not manned her as ships are sometimes manned in the navy, where commanders have been known to send officers to make the unemployed men about the sea-ports drunk in the taverns, for the purpose of cajoling them out of their good certificates, and thus compelling them to enter. No, had he had the power fifty times over, he would not have resorted to this despicable practice, which is as wicked as impressment, and has an additional baseness peculiarly its own, and the property of those who invented it, and those who carry it out. But he had judiciously sought his men by large promises of pay to old experienced sailors; and as there are many very singular characters among these persons, the crew of the "Baboon" comprised several hideous and eccentric villains.

But let us have his own explanation, that morning delivered to the society.

"Gentlemen," said Chilton, "a bear is all right, so long as he is well fed and decently treated—

"'The patient ass up flinty paths,
Plods with his weary load;'

but we want a nobler animal. Who knows what we may require the crew to do?"

A groan from Dobbs.

"Accordingly, I have been obliged to overlook certain considerations for the sake of certain other considerations, in providing men. In fact, among the lot, we have two fellows who have committed bigamy—"

"Luxurious dogs!" exclaimed Carisford.

"A whaler, two smugglers, a sprinkling of slave-traders, and only one pirate, I assure you. I limited myself to that solitary luxury!"

"And pray, who is our Mr. M'Mizen?"

"A dash of all—but not a bad fellow," was the reply.

Pereira having taken under his charge all that pertained to the provision of the amenities, reported next, and had a box of books brought up from the hold. And here, again, we must remark on another difference between the management of the "Baboon" and that of some men-of-war. The library of the "Baboon" was well chosen, and speedily arranged for use; whereas—

will our readers believe it?—the persons who organize libraries for the men employed in the service, actually introduce works of religious controversy—and in many cases the books supplied are never hoisted out of the hold during the ship's commission. Pereira had fallen into some slight errors, having once obtained a *comic* instead of a *nautical* almanac (a defect only repaired at the last moment), and having, in his anxiety to secure an *Orbis veteribus notus*, nearly forgotten the charts. He had also ordered a dozen superfluous copies of one work, but was graciously pardoned by the society, on pleading that an opportunity would probably present itself of exchanging them for niggers.

Under his dictation they hung up the portraits of celebrated men which had been selected for the ornament of the cabin. There was one of Captain Cook, who was murdered by savages in the South Seas, and one of Admiral Byng, who was murdered by savages in England—these were the martyrs, and were hung up together. Then there was a portrait of Admiral Collingwood, the best man ever produced by the English navy, and who would have been far more admired if he had *not been* such a good man. But these portraits in honour of nautical men were not the only ones; for our society did not aim at being nautical only—and our record of their proceedings will not be found to be a tar and pitch narrative. We shall not intrude nautical slang wholesale into our pages. There will be no shivering of timbers—quids will be avoided—and pigtails cut—as they very properly were in the navy many years ago. Briefly, this is "no fable" of "sailors turned to swine."

Carisford's report on the provision department was, upon the whole, as satisfactory as that of any of the others. A captain of the old school would have shuddered at the catalogue of the preserved meats, and fainted at the list of wines. Had such a stock been in a midshipman's mess in the navy, the commander would have tried to make the enjoyment of it as little as possible. The lieutenants would have condemned it, and dined and supped on it, whenever they could get a chance.

When they had all three thus given an account of their various exertions for the common weal (Dobbs, by the bye, was checked in a detail of the sums paid), it was resolved to go on deck; and then they took the opportunity of teaching the king (monarchs are, alas! hard to teach) various details connected with the management of the vessel. The lead was "armed" and hove for his instruction, and he was shown how to "mark" a lead line—white bunting at five fathoms, red at seven—how nine fathoms was "a deep," and ten marked by a piece of leather, &c. Next, the log was hove, for him to learn that operation; and Chilton expatiated on the misery of heaving it at midnight, when going at the rate of nine or ten knots, and how his delicate fingers used to be hurt by the sharp cold flying line, when he was a midshipman of the watch in a man-of-war. Dobbs was not slow in learning these details; and then, as the day advanced close on the hour of noon, Chilton took the opportunity of producing his quadrant, and further showing Dobbs how to take the sun's altitude.

"Now, my boy," he began, "suppose yourself midshipman of a man-of-war, instead of monarch of this society. Well, of course, you would have to go through this operation every day, and send a return to the captain—not that he would feel any anxiety as to your improvement in navigation—but then his insisting on the return would give him an opportunity of boring you. You begin by taking a glass of 'swizzle' in the berth (boy, some swizzle); then you come up to the poop, and commence bringing the sun down to the water's edge, thus—where you keep him dancing on what is strangely called his 'lower limb;' there, you see, you have him rolling on the horizon, like a golden skittle ball. Having accomplished that, you wait till he dips below, and then read off the apparent altitude. You can employ the interval till he dips, in chaffing one of the marine officers, if any of them happen to be up at the time. Thus, for example, you might complain that the cock-pit was infested by bugs, and suggest seriously that they probably came out of the marines' caps which are kept in the beams there. Ah," Chilton cried out, "he has just dipped!"

"Strike eight bells," cried Carisford, and the yacht's bell rang over the water. The crew then went down to their dinner, and Chilton proceeded to show Dobbs how the latitude was ascertained from the altitude of the sun.

The king observed a laudable inquisitiveness, and kept asking the "why" of every step of the calculation.

"Why does the adding or subtracting the declination to or from the true altitude, according to circumstances, produce the latitude?" asked Dobbs.

"Oh, my dear fellow," Chilton replied, "mathematics is not my *forte!* We weren't taught the theory in the ships I served in. Depend on it, Dobbs, that of the thousands who have taken the sun's altitude to-day, not one in every two hundred knows anything about it, or is in the least acquainted with that magnificent system, which embraces creation in a network of triangles!"

"I don't feel any the worse for it," observed Carisford, in a consolatory tone. "Ignorance is bliss. What is a chicken?—what is the fire that roasts it?—what is the spit that it turns on? Above all, what is the cook who superintends it?—whence and whither does he come and go?—Is he an immortal soul, or simply a transitory and perishable cook? Don't let us bother ourselves on such subjects, but *eat* the chicken and be thankful."

"Carisford, you're an ass," said Chilton, sententiously; and Car took huff, and went below to the cabin, where he played all sorts of wild airs on a piano there, which we forgot to enumerate among the amenities provided by Pereira. But in a short time, happening to play one which Chilton had heard Miss Carisford, his friend's sister (a sweet girl, as all admitted, and some knew too well), perform in the mansion of old Carisford, Chilton became suddenly seized with a touching feeling of remorse, and dived down the hatchway to the cabin, where there occurred one of those pathetic reconciliations which are only a shade less ridiculous than the quarrels which precede them.

"I was entirely in the wrong," said Chilton. "Your remark was singularly philosophic in tone, and brilliant in expression."

"Not at all, my dear fellow. It was a useless and absurd observation."

"Nay, excuse me. I was a complete boor."

"Far from it; you were right, and I was an ass."

"I am of opinion that you are both in the right, now," observed Pereira, which had the effect of finishing the conversation—and the mended friendship was cemented by a glass of Curaçoa. Indeed, these little trifles always formed a rather plausible excuse for a similar indulgence.

In the afternoon, they all assembled on deck, and employed themselves in watching the various ships which were scattered over the channel in sight of the "Baboon." Dobbs had then an opportunity of acquiring a further knowledge of some nautical matters. They pointed out to him the difference between a ship and a barque—a brig and a schooner, and gave him hints on the various destinations of each, and the nature of the people on board.

"What's that great big one with the three masts, Chilton?" asked the king.

"Oh, that's an East Indiaman, outward bound."

"And what cargo do they carry?"

"With the more plebeian details of trade," replied his prime minister, in a dignified manner, "I am naturally unacquainted; but I know that their outward cargo, as far as I have ever learned anything of it, consists, in no unimportant degree, of Indian officers returning from furlough, ditto ditto cadets going out to join the army, various adventurers in different lines of business, young ladies departing to seek husbands, and, occasionally, missionaries bound to the Cape."

"They must find it what you call slow!" remarked the king.

"From what I have heard of it, yes; but they manage to rub through with it; so that even the quiet young men who make up their minds, in anticipation of its being dull, to study Hindustani on the way out, generally find, when they arrive, that they haven't had time, and not unfrequently that they have learned *écarté*, or whist, instead. Then, you know, they publish journals on board sometimes, and libel each other, and some intellectual distraction may be found in sleep, flirting, brandy-and-water, and cigars."

"That thing's a brig?" pursued Dobbs.

"Yes," said Chilton, and he surveyed her through a glass; "and a neat brig too, probably bound to Madeira. I dare say that there are eyes looking from her now, which will never see these waters again; for Madeira, you know, Dobbs, is the refuge of the victims of our English consumption, a disease transmitted us, together with our share of the national debt, by our ancestors."

"Both originating in a tendency to waste," said Carisford.

"Talking of Madeira, sir?" began Mr. M'Mizen, who had gradually moved aft to the group, with a calm, shrewd, deferential smile, completely Scotch.

"Well, what of it, Mr. M'Mizen?" Carisford said, receiving the veteran very courteously.

"I mind an anecdote no altogether wi'thoot a certain interest touching ane o' our Scotch gentry, wha went there in a consumption. I hae a note of it here," and M'Mizen produced a black tome, which he had gone for when he heard the turn taken by the conversation, and turned over some blank leaves at one end of it, written on, in ink that had faded, till it was as yellow as an old woman's skin.

"Why," said Pereira, glancing at the book, "it's a Bible!"

"Weel, sir," said M'Mizen, "and shall a man not hae ane book, at all events, wi' a note o' his family's names in it?"

"Quite right," remarked Chilton, who could not help laughing at Mr. M'Mizen's reasons for preserving his copy of the Scriptures. (M'Mizen has his companions, reader.)

Mr. M'Mizen having refreshed his memory, not without illustrating his observation by casting a long glance of interest on the Davids, Peters, and Alexanders of the M'Mizen race, whose names figured in the pages, proceeded—"Sir William Marling o' Glumcairn was sae far gone in the disease o' consumption, that ye might say his legs were nae thicker than a linnet's. Sae he resolved to go to Madeira, and try and prolong his stay in this world some few weeks longer. He embarked a' his luggage at Liverpool, and last o' all (Sir William was aye eccentric) he brought on board his coffin. The sailors didna half like it; it was a feydom sign! The ship sailed, and Sir William grew waur and waur. At last, he gaes to the surgeon, and asks him to speak downright plain out to him, how long he might hope to live; and the surgeon made naething o' telling him, that he had but a few days at langest. Sir William said naething, but he just went, and had his coffin lifted out o' the hold."

"What an extraordinary old man?" interrupted Carisford. "Well, did he die?"

"I'm comin to that," replied Mr. M'Mizen, who was naturally a little annoyed at the interruption; "he had the lid taken off, and the coffin, that awfu' emblem o' mortality, was found to be naether mair nor less than choke fou o' the verra best clarrit."

Here the introduction of the claret induced M'Mizen to proceed to draw a brilliant picture of Galloway, in the last century, when quantities of that princely wine were smuggled there, by an enterprising population. We omit this part, suggesting the miserable contrast of to-day's state of affairs, and drop at once the claret and some *lagrima*.

"What was the end of it?" asked Chilton.

"He drank and drank, like a real old Scotch laird, a' day lang; and the strangest thing of a' is, that he perfectly recovered and returned to Scotland, and lived for ten or twal' year, respected and beloved by the whole country round. Sae you see, sir," concluded M'Mizen, judiciously introducing the moral of the story, "there's nae cure for consumption but liquor; and I wauldna' assert, that I ha'e na' a sma' touch o' consumption mysel."

Mr. M'Mizen's hint was not lost on the quick ear of the Society, and he was duly supplied with a tumbler, for his private enjoyment, which he took off to his berth.

"I think we had better now go down to dinner?" suggested Chilton to his friends. "What says his Majesty?"

"I am for anything you please," said that indulgent king.

"Bravo!" cried Carisford—

"Send him victorious,
Boozily glorious,
Sometimes uproarious,
God save the King!"

So they went below; and the servant in the harlequin livery before alluded to was occupied busily enough for the next two hours.

They were seated at dessert, having apparently forgotten that they were at sea at all, when a slight lurch, which capsized the wine-glass of the incautious Dobbs recalled the fact, and they went on deck.

It was within an hour of sunset. The breeze was fresh and lively; and the yacht, with all her sails set, reeled and swaggered along—soaring like a bird, when she rose on the surface of the waves—diving and flying like a fish, when she sank into the trough of the sea. The light pines that formed her lithe topmasts bent beneath the wind—as they had bent before it, ere they were stripped of the glory of their leaves, or plucked from their bed of earth in their native forest. Reeling like a bacchanal, flying like a lightning-charged cloud, dancing like a goddess, and bounding like a deer—swift indeed must the vessel be who shall catch thee, oh, "Baboon!" glory of the simious race!

"Crikey! how she grins!" exclaimed Carisford, unpoetically, as a certain officer in the West Indies used to exclaim, one who was a great hand at "carrying on" a dangerous amount of sail, till the Admiralty got so deuced particular about making people pay for the spars which they lost in so doing.

"What's that noise?" cried Dobbs, suddenly.

They jumped from their seats.

"Now, don't be frightened," said Chilton; "it's a gun."

At this point M'Mizen came down the companion ladder with a lantern, enveloped in a huge great coat. "Maister Chilton, hae ye got the papers—the ship's papers, ye ken?"

"What are they?" asked Dobbs, in affright.

Chilton turned rather pale—"Come on deck!" he cried to his friends.

They all hurried up together, and found the whole crew assembled, gazing to windward, where there lay the heavy form of a large revenue cutter, with three lanterns hoisted perpendicularly in her rigging.

"Good God" exclaimed Chilton, "why did you let her get to windward of us! D—n the moon!" he continued, as that luminary, shining clear in the heavens, threw a most distinct light on the elegant figure of the "Baboon."

"Why, sir," said M'Mizen, "it's o' nae consequence; of course ye hae the papers. How's the cutter to ken that you're no a smuggler, or even a pirate? It's only a form."

The smile that passed over Chilton's face, short and quick, and luminous in its scorn at these words, was singular; but it was nothing to the feelings that passed across his heart. With one glance he took in the whole position, as his eye dwelt on the cutter, the assembled crew, the calm gaze of M'Mizen (wherein was much to be noted), Carisford and Pereira in startled silence, unhappy Dobbs awestruck with terror, and knowing not where to look.

Carisford saw Chilton's glance and came up to him. In friendly grasp, he took his hand as he whispered—"You may have thought from what passed in the cabin that I am timid; try me now; what you will, I am ready to act."

Then two men came forward from the crew to speak to Chilton.

"Well, Hartly, what have you to say?" he asked.

"Why, sir," said the fellow, a huge man, with black whiskers, who looked as if he had the strength of a Titan, and an equal readiness to use it against heaven, "me and my friend doesn't understand this; we don't want to be shoved in limbo. What we does, we does: we want no humbug. How about that 'ere cutter?"

Both the vessels were now laying to, the cutter occupying her windward position. The situation of poor Chilton and his friends became alarming. Here was the poor "Baboon," that had been suspicious in her appearance—watched by the "Tulip," telegraphed, probably, down the coast, from station to station—now with a government vessel to windward, and two of the best men of the crew in a state approaching to mutiny!

"Oh," said Chilton, "I suppose the ass takes us for a smuggler. We must send our papers on board.

What an infamous thing, that a gentleman's yacht should be interfered with in this manner! Mr. M'Mizen, get a boat ready, and show a lantern on the weather bulwarks." Chilton then went below; and coming up again, gave some documents to Hartly, and said—"Go on board the cutter with these, and Mr. Dobbs' (the owner's) compliments."

The boat was brought up to the lee gangway. Hartly and the sailor who had come with him to speak to Chilton, went into it with the papers—shoved off, dropped astern of the "Baboon," and pulled towards the cutter, on board which the lieutenant in command, who had watched every movement, prepared to receive them.

It was just then that Chilton had two moments most anxious and earnest communication with M'Mizen. What passed in that brief, important period, we are unable to say precisely; but certain it is, that it had the most important influence on the sailing-master. We have heard it asserted that there was then made a haul upon the funds of Dobbs which everybody declared to be most monstrous; certain it is, that, long afterwards, Mr. M'Mizen was accustomed to wink knowingly when any one mentioned the moonlight night, in which the revenue cutter "Yahoo" met the large and brilliant schooner "Baboon." Indeed, it is further said that the snugness of M'Mizen's present cottage in Galloway, where that retired warrior reposes on his laurels and his four-poster, is to be partly attributed to the tip which he then received. Probably, also, it is to the same source that may be indirectly traced, that "wee bit croft" near the cottage in question, where browse two kine of the famous Galloway breed. And perhaps it is for his good fortune on that occasion that M'Mizen is so anxious to return thanks when he wends his way on Sundays, wet or dry, to the kirk of Bluter.

The boat pulled towards the expectant cutter—but soon the "Baboon" lay to no longer; over the quarter glided the huge boom; the jib sheet flowed free forward; smart hands rounded in the weather fore-topsail brace (she was a fore-topsail schooner), the gaff-topsail rose like a balloon to its station; the water foamed beneath her bows, dashed along her sides, quivered in whirling eddies and sharp curves in her wake; a kind cloud hid the moon's face—and when it shone again on the "Baboon," she was rushing in solitary sovereignty through the waters, headlong on towards the stormy bay which dashes on the shores of France the accumulated terrors of a thousand miles of waves.

Meanwhile, the cutter having caught a glimpse of the retreating "Baboon" was in such a hurry to chase her, that she rolled heavily on to the boat which Chilton had despatched, experiencing of course a vexatious delay, and with difficulty saving the lives of the men, whose screams compelled her to lay to for the purpose.

## CHAPTER IV.

### NAPLES.—A SEA LARK.

In a certain latitude and longitude, to be found in any map (sold by all respectable booksellers), there stands a certain city—a city not without a soul—a city, like Bacchus, ever fair and young. It is surrounded by the freshest green country, fairest plains, thickest and softest foliage—the plumage of the earth—and rests, like the nest of a sea bird, on the borders of the ocean. A bright, broad, blue bay heaves lazily and voluptuously before it. At a modest distance stands a mysterious mountain, over whose head roll, in sombre vapoury wreaths, clouds of smoke; but the smoke is not as the smoke of towns—it hangs not heavily like a pall, but vanishes far into the air. Once that smoke was worse—when Vesuvius put on the "black cap" to pass sentence upon the doomed cities. Now the mountain is but a show for the gazers of Naples—a piece of scenery from an old tragedy, to amuse and interest the leisure of a gay and indolent people.

And how gay, and bright the scenes, where that comedy of life is acted! Naples is the gaudiest picture in Nature's magic lantern; there poverty itself is brilliant, and superstition sparkling; all the rags are bright, and all the black—ebony; for the sun is the poor-law commissioner, and keeps the paupers happy; and as to the superstition, if there are such beings as saints, which we in England naturally doubt, why, what place on earth are they more likely to love to watch over than Naples? It is a creed that the people there form naturally from what they see around them; and if "to love foolishly is better than not to be able to love at all,"* so, to worship foolishly may claim a similar superiority.

Well, one morning, some weeks after the date at which we left the "Baboon" flying to the Bay of Biscay, there might have been observed, at the window of an hotel in Naples, an elderly gentleman, of dignified appearance. He had just breakfasted very luxuriously, and had come forward to the window, to look out upon the bay, over the beautiful gardens which stood between the road in which the hotel was situated, and the sea. These beautiful gardens, among whose trees glisten the white forms of marble nymphs (the very chastity of whose appearance, in such a place, is more voluptuous than all that colour could effect elsewhere) form, as it were, the flounces of the city's dress.

The old gentleman opened the window, and sniffed in the air luxuriously? it is probable that he would have enjoyed it more, but that he was in the habit of taking snuff. However, he did enjoy it very much, as was evinced by his soliloquy.—"What a scene! Ah, if one could but eat it!" He was a materialist philosopher, this old friend of ours, and referred all pleasure to the pleasures of the senses. He put an uncommonly vulgar construction on what people call love; and stoutly maintained, that every idea of beauty, good, or any other abstraction, was nothing but fanciful, vague exaggeration of an actual sensual pleasure. For example—when his son, with whom the reader is, as will shortly appear, already acquainted, used to talk, as some young men will, about the ideal and the beautiful, he used to cut him short with—"Pray, sir, what does your beautiful mean?—I will tell you. Your cousin Polly (by the bye, Tom, she has five thousand pounds) is a pretty girl; she has a good nose, bright eyes, a mouth small and rosy; yet altogether she is not a beauty; she does not reach your ideal of the beautiful. Well, sir, just shape her nose till it grows more Greek—give a little more lustre to the eye—chisel the mouth slightly; do this in imagination—there is your ideal. That is your process. But, remember, that Polly, as at present existent, is the basis of the ideal; the ideal is in reality her, somewhat altered.—Now, don't go off into any gabble about innate ideas. What have you in you but what the spoon put in you?"

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* Pendennis, No. II.

This last query generally used to silence the youth, particularly as the enthusiasm of the father used to partly vent itself in sending the bottle round with a jerk along the mahogany.

This old gentleman (to come to details) was Mr. Chilton, senior, parent of our friend Chilton, of the "Baboon," prime minister under the limited monarchy of King Dobbs. He was a widower, with no other son; a country gentleman, of good family, and some 4000*l.* a-year. He always lived abroad, and was very fond of convivial society. He used to be nicknamed "Toe" Chilton, because (as it was asserted) he was in the habit of forming the acquaintance of strangers by the singular and original plan of treading on their toes, and begging their pardon. It was no wonder that his acquaintance was extensive, under these circumstances, considering the populousness of most European cities; nor, considering the prevalence of gout among the higher orders, is it remarkable that he had twice been knocked down by a crutch, and once winged in a hostile encounter arising therefrom. He usually followed up, what may very properly be called his first step to intimacy, by asking his new friend to dinner; and being a gentlemanly, well-informed old Englishman, secured, in course of time, a terrifically large connexion, and was never at a loss for a house to breakfast, dine, or sup at all over Europe; so that his life, spent in an interchange of friendly hospitalities, was one perpetual round of good dinners and agreeable parties; and while yet in the very spring of existence, as regarded his body generally, he had advanced to autumn unquestionably—in the tip of his nose.

Having cooled his countenance (which altogether was not unlike the setting sun) in the breeze from the bay, Toe Chilton walked down stairs, and marched out. He took his way to a reading room, where English travellers were in the habit of going to peruse the journals of their native country.

His appearance there was not very agreeable to some of those assembled, for he was in the habit of at once entering into conversation with anybody he could catch, which rather spoiled the pleasure of any other gentleman who happened to be reading at the time. There was therefore an audible sigh from an elderly gentleman who was engaged on the *Edinburgh Review*, when the portly figure of Mr. Chilton appeared at the door.

The elderly gentleman was a clergyman of a serious turn: let the reader fancy his feelings from the following little scene—

*Elderly gentleman* (*reading to himself*).—"The notion promulgated by Hume, that our idea of power, as *cause* producing effect, is, in reality, only derived from our having seen certain operations succeed each other in nature——"

*Toe Chilton* (*to a friend*).—"Ha! good morning, captain. What a capital dinner Limsdale gave us last night! What Burgundy that fellow has, to be sure!"

*Friend.*—"I'm glad you're come, Chilton. I have something to show you here. Here is the *Malta Snail*, of the —th instant." (*Exit elderly gentleman.*)

The elderly gentleman having disappeared, the conversation became gradually more noisy, inasmuch as the talking couple very soon found themselves alone in the room. Then Mr. Chilton asked what it was that had attracted his friend the captain's attention in the *Malta Snail?*"

"Why, sir," said his friend (a half-pay captain in the navy), "they say that the Mediterranean has been visited by a dangerous pirate. A set of young fellows are going about in a slashing schooner, armed to the teeth. They call her a yacht—but, by George! they might as well call my bull-dog Nelson a King Charles's pup!"

"Well, what of it?" quoth the philosophic Toe Chilton. "They can't take Naples, can they? I fancy that the fort here would blow them out of the water!"

"Yes—but suppose they should capture any of the gentlemen's yachts cruising about at this season of the year? There's Mr. Mango and his family—three such daughters!"

"Ah!" exclaimed old Toe, with a twinkle in the eye, which seemed to indicate that he, for one, should not view it as any very heinous offence. "But, however, you saw it in a Malta paper. Well—remember how they lie. Why, they announced that I was going to marry a widow, when I was there!"

"Now for the point—or rather upshot of the story," continued his friend. "If I didn't know that you had no relations—"

"No relations!" cried his companion. "I beg your pardon. What put that in your head?"

"Why, here we have known each other ten years, and you have never alluded to one of them!"

This was the actual fact; for Toe Chilton's affection for his son Tom was not of the paternal sort. He liked him very much as a companion and friend—gave him money—paid his debts—never presumed to dictate to him—and always told him that he was a deuced clever fellow, and a credit to his family. But you would never have thought that they were relations, or anything but friends and boon companions. The interest they felt in each other, in fact, was not tender. It was kind—and kind only.

"Oh, perhaps not," continued Toe; "but I have a deuced fine son, sir—Tom Chilton; and that reminds me, that I have not heard of, or from the fellow for a long time. I should like to see him; and if I had him to dinner, I would give him a bottle of Burgundy—a capital fellow is Tom!"

Here some glimpse of a paternal feeling *did* irradiate Toe's soul, and he went into touching reminiscences of Tom's childhood, which infinitely amused his friend, the captain.

"The boy, sir," quoth Toe, "began his career by killing his mother."

The captain started.

The old gentleman skilfully paused, to let the remark have its due weight, and continued—"She died in bringing him forth, and I brought him up in my chambers in St. James's-street. What an awful nuisance he was, to be sure, when I used to have friends to dinner. Jack Lesley would go and rock his cradle one night, after three bottles, and rolled the poor little devil out. Then, the nurse that I got to attend him, used to go out, and leave him by himself, and the neighbourhood was alarmed by his howling. He was a clever fellow from the first, and punned in long clothes, I verily believe."

"That reminds me of a remark of my uncle Toby, when his brother was haranguing on precocious children," interrupted the captain.

Chilton senior's enthusiasm died—and he concluded with "Just fancy me growing paternal!"

"Now for my remark, long impending," said his friend. "The *Malta Snail*, which loves a sounding period, concludes the article about this so-called pirate, thus:—'We hear from a gentleman who has arrived from Gibraltar, that this dangerous vessel is commanded by a youth called Chilton—one of those desperadoes occasionally appearing in the world, the torch of whose genius shines only to scorch their fellow-creatures—men who live without respect, and die without lamentation.'"

"Bravo, Higgins!" concluded the captain. "The horsewhipping from that fellow in the 'Heavy Baboons' has improved his style."

Here the captain paused, probably afraid that the sudden announcement would shake and startle old Toe.

That worthy, however, betrayed no emotion, but coolly remarked—"Ah, that's sure to be Tom! he was always of an eccentric turn, and I should be surprised at nothing he did. If Tom founded a monastery, or established a seraglio, called out the Pope, or ran away with the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, it would surprise me equally little. But Tom is a clever fellow, and I like Tom."

Having made this remark, the father rose, and the two old gentlemen left the room together.

Many a shake of the hand, from the slight formal pressure of the fingers, to the friendly crushing grasp of old acquaintance, did Toe Chilton exchange, as he walked along the pleasant road which leads towards Baia—many a nod, from the sharp short jerk of recognition, to the profound obeisance of respectful salutation. He knew, in fact, almost everybody, and was stopped every now and then, with "Ha! Chilton—here? I thought you were in Milan;" or "Dem it! who would have expected to see you, old boy? Heard you were at Palermo!" A slight smile would glide over proud faces in English carriages as he came in sight, excited by the reminiscences of his appearance at great balls in his yeomanry uniform. To figure in that military garb at royal balls and everywhere else, was his one weakness (Burgundy he would not admit to be one); and then he was so fond of dancing, and made himself so conspicuous when he did dance, by the peculiar energy of his movements, that, what with his singular figure and singular uniform, human gravity could not stand the spectacle. Indeed, his friends, sorry to see so really sensible and so thoroughly jovial an old boy expose himself to ridicule, used to resort to harmless artifices to prevent the exposure. A further bottle would be artfully produced by his host, or asked for by his guest, when the hour of dressing for a ball drew near. His servant used to receive instructions from intimate friends of Toe to take away his master's sword furtively; and of course, Toe could not think of going to a ball, any more than of marching into action, without his weapon.

It would be difficult to do justice to his feelings on this occasion, as walking along the road, he met party after party of pleasant acquaintances or old friends. His spirits rose proportionately; and he soon found that he succeeded in the great object of the day—getting an appetite. His next consideration was, where to dine. He was not of the vulgar order of *bon vivants*, who think it their duty, and make it their pride to dine out—like Gulosulus in the Rambler—whenever they can get a chance. No. It was his first object to take home a friend to dine with him—his second one, to go out to dinner at the house of another. Accordingly, as the hour drew near, he stopped in his walk, and addressed his friend Captain Ropesby, with a request for the pleasure of his company to dinner.

"Really, Chilton, I must go home. You know I have my family here."

"But my dear Ropesby, I dined with you the day before yesterday. I did you that favour—do me one now."

The captain smiled. "Don't you think you could, just for once, dine by yourself?"

"God bless me!" said Toe, with a look of terror at the mere suggestion; and his friend, remembering with compassion how Toe had once in his desolation taken home a gentlemanly looking stranger, who had made him fuddled, and subsequently removed himself with the spoons, consented to go.

Three hours afterwards, their friend, Mr. Limsdale, called at Chilton's hotel, and found the friends seated at their dessert. The table was enveloped in a golden web of sunset light that streamed through the window.

"How do you do, Ropesby? How are you, Chilton?" he said. "I have come to ask you to go to the opera; my box is at your service—come along!"

"Quite impossible!" ejaculated Toe, lazily.

"My dear fellow, do. Sapphini is in such voice."

"So am I," said Toe, commencing a fragment of King Cole.

Mr. Limsdale renewed the request.

"What, my dear friend—leave Burgundy like this?"

Mr. Limsdale knew that there was no chance of moving him, and departed.

Meanwhile, what had become of our friend the "Baboon"? She had kept a splendid wind in her quarter, and had made direct for the Mediterranean. The Society had been at first quite undecided as to where they ought to go. The king being of course incompetent to determine the question, his three friends had held a council on the subject. Chilton was for the Mediterranean, Carisford for the coast of Africa, Pereira for the West Indies. In this dilemma, they summoned M'Mizen—but as he was for turning back and proceeding to the Scotch coast, his remarks were dismissed with ignominy.

"Let us try the *sortes Virgilianæ*, an ancient and honourable practice," suggested Chilton.

"Where the chances would be all in your favour," observed Carisford.

"The West Indies teem with luxury," said Pereira.

"And the coast of Africa with wild adventure," added Carisford.

"The Mediterranean derives a most profound interest from antiquity," said Chilton.

"I owe a tailor's bill at Malta," said Carisford.

"Pay it," rejoined his friend.

"Look at the interest of the slave question," pursued Carisford.

"Think of our Eastern policy," answered Chilton.

"Who likes good rum?" inquired Pereira.

"No gentleman prefers it to lacryma, and no poet to Samian wine," said Chilton, decisively.

Thus the debate went on—and at last it was determined by the force of circumstances in favour of Chilton. A tremendous gale came on, and the "Baboon" found it the best policy to run through the "Gut," and anchor at Gibraltar.

The Mediterranean, our readers are aware, is thus reached—in fact, that sea resembles, in this respect, many men whom we meet in the world—the way to its heart is through the gut—an observation for which those who first named the Straits the "Gut," must be held responsible.

Now, the extraordinary rumours regarding the "Baboon" which we have alluded to as having appeared in the *Malta Snail*, had their origin in some circumstances harmless and ludicrous enough. The fact was, that to while away the tedium of the voyage, it was the custom of our friends to have on the sea something of a nature akin to what is called a "lark" on shore, but on a more magnificent scale. It was one of their amusements to hoist a black flag, which struck terror into the hearts of humble merchantmen. They then turned the "Baboon's" head towards the vessel frightened, and made all sail in pretended chase, till having arrived at her, just as the crew had given themselves up for lost, and had loaded a rusty little gun with tenpenny nails, preparatory to a final resistance, they made off again, with roars of laughter, playing a popular air on a French horn.

We are sorry to add, that one great element in the fun enjoyed from such exploits was found in persuading Dobbs that they were perfectly in earnest, and intended to devote the object of their chase to plunder and destruction. Dobbs thought that by committing himself to their care and companionship, he had become justly liable to any consequences that might flow from it, and used to take his share of the proceedings quite naturally, though in a frightful state of remorse, and with some terrible apprehensions.

One evening, when they were at Gibraltar, on the look-out for amusement—in modern parlance, "on the loose"—they went into a little wine-shop, where were assembled, besides some private soldiers, and three or four black and yellow looking Spaniards, two or three sailors, and the mate and skipper of a merchant ship. These did not put on any look of very cordial welcome at the entry of the society, obviously considering them interlopers; but the idea of their looks in any way affecting the feelings of the lofty heroes of the "Baboon" would have been preposterous.

They entered with an air of careless command, Chilton as usual leading the van. "Come in, boys," said that youth. "Will your majesty be seated?" he continued, to the blushing Dobbs, who sat down on a form. "*Le roi le veut!*" he cried out, as Dobbs complied with the request—and the company stared at the new comers in astonishment. He then ordered in some red wine—a liquid which appeared to be the most popular among the company—and addressed himself to conversation with the skipper, a little black fellow, who didn't appear at all inclined to be friendly or convivial.

"Rather squally weather we've had lately!" he remarked.

The skipper puffed out a great cloud of smoke, and said, "More afore long, perhaps," and glanced round at his friends with a wink which seemed to signify that his words had some metaphorical meaning.

There was a kind of little grunting laugh from the other sailors.

"That's a devilish neat brig, lying off the Old Mole," pursued Chilton, conjecturing that she possibly was the vessel of the little man, and willing to propitiate him.

"Perhaps she is, and perhaps you a'n't a judge," was the uncourteous reply.

Carisford jumped up, and cried out—"'Gad, this bears out what we hear of the number of apes on the rock!"

"Apes bite, young gentleman," said the skipper.

"Yes, my friend," said Carisford; "and I'll show you a Baboon that bites deuced hard, some of these days."

"What do you mean?" growled the fellow, and rose and left with his friends.

Chilton and the others followed at a convenient distance, and watched them take a boat. They then followed in one themselves, and traced them to a brig, apparently one of those which bring currants from the Ionian Archipelago, from the brilliant warm Zante—or the long low fields of richness, against which dashes in warm kisses the blue water of the Corinthian Gulf. Chilton saw that preparations were being made on board her for going to sea, and ordering M'Mizen to get ready for sea at once also, summoned a council in the cabin.

"I wish," he said, very gravely, "that she was homeward instead of outward bound."

"Why?" inquired Dobbs.

"Why!" repeated his friend, in affected surprise;

"because she would have her cargo on board, to be sure; at present she may have dollars, which would be even better; but I am afraid that her money for purchase is in bills, which we could not be able to negotiate."

Dobbs grew suddenly very solemn, and looking round at the three young men, lowered his voice, and whispered—"But about the crew, eh? What could we do with them?"

Chilton looked him in the face, and drawing his finger across his throat with a meaning solemnity, pointed significantly downwards.

Dobbs thrilled with terror—"What!" he exclaimed—"you, so kindly, with so good a heart, you stain—"

"Hush!" said Chilton, in a low tone; "my friend, you can never understand me; even now, in the moaning of the night wind round us, my ear is saluted by the haunting voices of the dead! Follow me," he cried out, running to the ladder.

Carisford and Pereira went on deck after him, and they all three had a good laugh together at the state of fright into which they had thrown Dobbs.

In a short time the brig—the doomed brig, as Dobbs considered her—was under way, and disappeared gradually. The "Baboon" was very soon on her track.

"The bloodhound scents his prey!" exclaimed Chilton, pointing her out, on the horizon, to Dobbs.

The wind was fresh, and bearing down with all her canvas, away went the "Baboon," a mass of flying whiteness, on the surface of the sea. In a very little time, the brig, at first looking like a black speck, loomed gradually, and her skipper could be seen distinctly from the bows of the "Baboon," gazing over the taffrail, with a telescope, obviously unable to divine the meaning of the yacht's bearing down upon her in such a manner. Both vessels were running free, and there was no other craft in sight; the superiority of the "Baboon" in sailing was so splendidly manifest, that it was obvious she could reach the chace under half an hour.

Chilton summoned the men on deck, and went forward and spoke to M'Mizen who gave a dry leer, as he received his secret instructions. Carisford took his station forward; Pereira in the waist; Chilton carried on aft; and Dobbs, ignorant of what was going to be done, anxious with fear, uncertainty, and remorse, stood by his side.

"Haul down the gaff-topsail, and lower the fore-topsail yard on the cap," cried Chilton; "we'll give the poor devils half an hour's respite," he added, pulling out his watch.

The orders were scarcely given, before the shivering fore-topsail trembled in the wind, as the yard slid down—and the gaff-topsail started from its height, like a white bird starting from a tree. The slackened pace of the yacht was instantly perceptible, and the brig's distance began to increase; still, however, right on her track followed the "Baboon," and still the telescope of the brig's skipper rested on her taffrail, pointed towards the inexplicable stranger.

The skipper of the brig was a plain, surly sailor, acquainted with little but the Mediterranean trade. He had heard, indeed, and knew very well, that there were pirates, dangerous ones too, on the Barbary coast —but that a vessel, so beautiful, *so gentlemanly*, as the "Baboon" (a vessel, as the little skipper subsequently remarked to a wondering audience in a tavern at Malta, that might have belonged to a lord!) should be a pirate, seemed ridiculously improbable. In the Mediterranean, too, where there was a fleet! But yet, this persevering pursuit—what did it mean? Was she a pirate that had boldly entered the Straits in an hour of desperation, and now waited only for dusk to plunder his craft, and dash away through the Gut? The little sailor was awfully agitated; he scanned the horizon all round; not a vessel that might assist him was to be seen; nothing was visible but the vulture and his prey.

The little skipper resolved to die game; and, to the most unlimited amusement of Chilton and Carisford, though by no means to that of Dobbs, he was observed from the "Baboon," preparing for his defence. A little black gun, mounted on a shaky carriage, was loaded, and pointed towards the "Baboon." The young men gathered forward, with the anxious Dobbs, to look at him.

"By Jove!" cried Carisford, "he's got a match up. Egad! the little fellow's game!"

"D—n his impudence!" said Chilton. "The little black dog wont surely have the pluck to fire. Clap a hand or two on the main-brails, Car," continued he, "and have a good haul up. We must not keep within range."

The order was attended to.

"Now, for a little closer fun!" said Chilton. He then gave some instructions to M'Mizen, who proceeded to execute them.

A brass gun of the newest description made its appearance. Ho! then the gossip of Portsmouth was not so false, after all!

"There's a beauty!" exclaimed Chilton, as the little gun of the "Baboon" ("How many more have we below?" wondered Dobbs) was rolled forward, on its carriage, to the bow.

"Make sail!" cried Chilton; and up the topmast rose the topsail yard; and away to its station flew the gaff-topsail once more. "Whew!" cried Chilton, as a bright flash, like lightning from a wintry cloud, broke from the little brig.

Dobbs clasped Chilton's arm with a jerk; and just on the lee-bow they saw the breast of the sea torn and dashed, as the motley contents of the gun struck it, and threw the sparkling water up in jets.

"This *is* getting fun!" cried out Carisford.

They then looked again at the brig. Her deck was in a terrible state of confusion. The little black gun, sole defence of the little black captain, had, ungratefully resenting its master's attempt to make it serviceable, recoiled so violently as to capsize its carriage, and now lay a useless encumbrance on the deck.

This was seen from the "Baboon" with the most intense satisfaction. Her full press of sail, now crowded on her, bore her down with the wind, and from her mast-head streamed the black flag, like a fragment torn from a funeral pall—dread emblem of freebooting ferocity, saddening to the soul of Dobbs!

The helpless brig (whose rueful little black captain, dismally looked at the triumphant "Baboon") rolled under her heavy press of canvas in the sea. All chance of resistance by cannon was now over: the schooner had it all her own way. Chilton and his colleagues (well armed) stood proudly on the deck.

Chilton felt a touch on his arm, as he gazed over the bulwarks: he turned round, and saw Dobbs, rather pale, and obviously very nervous. "May I speak with you?" inquired he, with modest timidity.

"Certainly, old fellow!" and Chilton took his arm, and walked aft.

Dobbs stammered a little. "Perhaps," he began, "I have no right to make a remark. I—I——excuse me, my friend, but spare my conscience! Don't let us have guilt on our souls! If it's money, you know—" and here Dobbs fumbled nervously in his pocket, and produced a pocketbook.

Chilton felt the greatest difficulty in preserving his gravity when Dobbs gave a sudden start, as the sharp ring of the brass gun on the bow was heard. They turned, and saw Carisford laughing, as the smoke cleared away, with a match in his hand.

"Good God!" cried Dobbs. "Have you killed any of them?"

No answer was given to his question; but the real fact was, that there had been nothing but powder in the gun. In the terrified state of mind, however, of the skipper of the brig, even the report affected him much; and immediately his vessel was seen with colours hauled down, and main-topsail backed, calmly surrendering herself to the destroyer.

"The day is ours!" exclaimed Chilton, drawing his sword; while a cry of—"Be merciful!" broke from the lips of Dobbs.

Chilton took the speaking-trumpet, and hailed the vanquished foe. "Send your captain on board!" he cried.

The "Baboon" then hove to, to windward. Not many minutes elapsed before a little boat was seen bobbing over the waves from the brig. A line was got ready on the lee side of the schooner, and in another moment the little blackfaced skipper stood on the deck, opposite the Society assembled there.

"The prisoner will remove his hat," began Chilton, gravely.

The ludicrousness of the extreme terror of the little man was such, that Carisford was obliged to turn his head away to conceal his laughter.

"Now, sir," continued Chilton, "we have met you again, you see—in a position where we are likely to have a proper degree of civility."

The little man winced as he remembered his uncourteous conduct at Gibraltar.

"You see that you are completely at our mercy. That gun would sink your craft in ten minutes; and what would there be to prevent us from running through the Gut to-night, and hanging you in the morning? There is no man-of-war nearer than Malta; and if there was, nothing that swims could touch the 'Baboon,' except the 'Inconstant,' which is in the West Indies, and some of the Symondite small craft, which are in the Levant. Your life is at the disposal of His Majesty." Here the speaker turned round to Dobbs. "What is your Majesty's pleasure?"

"Oh, let him go," said Dobbs, eagerly.

"You hear that his Majesty is graciously pleased to pardon you," continued Chilton. And here the farce ended by their letting the little skipper go, and regain his own deck.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE "BABOON" TAIL—CONTINUED.

The Mediterranean, tranquil as it generally is, can indulge occasionally in storms of the most hideous description—as certain delicate creatures that one meets with in life, are capable of violent bursts, perplexing the observers of their ordinary phenomena. The analogy is complete; in both cases the soft breath changes for the fierce gale—lightning darts from the blue heavens, and from the blue eyes.

The Society in the "Baboon" were not long in experiencing the changeableness of the Mediterranean climate. The morning that dawned next after the day on which they pursued the merchant brig, brought with it a tremendous gale. Dobbs was prostrate with sickness, and lay in his berth, attended by the faithful servant of the Society, who had the strictest orders to administer a spoonful of brandy to his majesty whenever he showed the slightest signs of animation. M'Mizen, who considered the whole wisdom of the world to be comprised in two things—his own experience and his black Bible—cautiously insinuated to Chilton that "it was far frae improbable they had a Jonah on board," which gave rise to Carisford's remarking that it was "very like a whale," to the extreme disgust of the "strong Presbyterian." Chilton dealt with him in a different way, by insinuating that it admitted of inquiry whether he, M'Mizen, was not the Jonah in question—a suggestion which produced a grim smile on his visage, and led to his speculating no farther on the subject.

The "Baboon" flew before the gale under reduced canvas: one whole night she lay to; and the delay she experienced in various ways was such, that the merchant brig reached Malta before her; and as Malta has a soil peculiarly fertile in the growth of lies, though despicably barren in its general nature, our readers may easily believe that astounding assertions with regard to the "Baboon" were speedily afloat there (with the other scum) on the surface of society.

Chilton, who knew that island well, resolved in his mind the probable results of the entry of the "Baboon" into the Grand Harbour, and called a council on the subject, when he had found by calculation that they were within a day's sail of the island. Behold, therefore, the Society assembled on the after part of the deck to discuss the subject.

Chilton began—"His Majesty will most likely give his royal assent to our proposal. He has scarcely sufficiently recovered from the sickness caused by the late gale to attend in person." Chilton then went on to open the sitting—"In the harbour," he said, "we should probably find Sir Booby Booing in command, and that wretched old twaddler, whose feeble gaunt carcass trembles in the slightest breeze, like a decaying hollyhock (a pretty commander for a war service!), would probably seize us, on the pretext of our frolic with the brig, to say nothing of what he may have heard of our leaving England, by the overland mail from home."

"By the bye, *I* don't understand that affair," said Pereira.

"Probably not," continued Chilton, with a grave expression of countenance. "Well, fancy what our position would be then. I know Sir Booby Booing, and he knows me, and when he heard of our arrival, the old fellow would stammer with passion (he generally slobbers when he is in a rage with any one, as the boa constrictor slobbers over his prey before he devours it), and give orders for the "Baboon" to be detained. Where then would be our brilliant cruises, our gay revelry, and other enjoyments which we mean to introduce when Dobbs is a little more like a man of the world?"

"What say you to Naples?" said Carisford.

"M'Mizen, the charts!" cried Chilton.

The charts were brought. For a few minutes the points of Chilton's pair of compasses danced over the paper in his quick fingers; then he went to the binnacle; the ship's course was altered; winds and waves were friendly to the good cause: the "Baboon" arrived in the bay some days after the venerable "Toe" Chilton had seen the paragraph in the Malta paper, which recalled to his paternal eye the image of his son Tom.

"Now," said Chilton, "I think the best course will be to leave the yacht in charge of M'Mizen, and live on shore, at a hotel, for some time."

They landed accordingly on the afternoon of their arrival, and took up their quarters at a hotel of a second-rate description. They did this for two reasons:—first, that it was more economical, and secondly, that it was more obscure. Chilton prudently argued, that it would not do to excite more attention than they could help, considering the reputation which, they had reason to fear, the "Baboon" had acquired. To prevent any gratification of vulgar curiosity, also, they gave instructions to M'Mizen, to tell all visitors to the "Baboon," that she was at present tenanted by an elderly gentleman, of the most infirm health, and who could not bear to be disturbed in the least. The good effect of these instructions was, however, rather neutralized by M'Mizen's carelessness. That worthy forgot the exact nature of them, and disdaining to compromise his intellectual dignity by applying for fresh ones, went on to supply information of his own invention, to any one who asked questions. Thus the "Baboon" was variously reported, as the property of a Russian nobleman, arrived at Naples on a diplomatic mission; a rich English merchant with his family (which rumour caused numerous inquiries as to the number of daughters, and so on); and of an old lady in charge of her medical adviser.

Their earliest interest was, of course, in the house when the *table-d'hôte* drew near. They went downstairs, and seated themselves among the people there, who, representing, as they did, half the nations in the world, enabled them to form an idea of the first dinner of the Babel workmen after the confusion of tongues. There was a French Canadian with his wife, making a wedding tour round Europe, under the delusive impression (to use pleasant Lord Chesterfield's sagacious remark) that they would not get tired enough of each other at home; there were a couple of Italians (noble, most probably), very black, very grave, and very polite; there was a young Englishman of a philosophical turn, who stared people out of countenance by speculating on their phrenological development, and who prevented a bald German with a good forehead opposite from enjoying his dinner, all the time from the soup to the walnuts; and at one end of the table, seated together as if for mutual protection against a probable assault, were an English father, mother, son, and daughter, so affectionate and so disagreeable, that it was positively edifying to look at them. Next these last Chilton placed Dobbs, and Dobbs was in no very agreeable position—for his friends kept maliciously treating him with a degree of deference which, coming from youths of their appearance, induced the English party to believe that he was some very great personage, and to show him a profound attention. The fact was, they were the family of a retired tradesman, and duly anxious to get into good society, if possible. Now, if there was one thing in life to which his Majesty King Dobbs was wholly unaccustomed, it was profound attention. In vain he tried to become familiar with Chilton, drinking a dose of wine to put himself at ease. Chilton always threw into his manner of speaking to him a certain air of delighted attention, which seemed to imply that the familiarity was an honour which he could not value too highly.

A few days afterwards, the whole of them went down to the Mole, where they engaged a boat, for the purpose of going off to the "Baboon," and seeing what state she was in.

Chilton busied himself in keeping up their spirits, as the boat pushed off from the stairs and glided into the bay. "I wonder how the old craft looks?" he said.

"Whereabouts is she lying?" asked Pereira.

"Eh?" said Chilton—and he gazed round rather anxiously. "Gad, I don't see her! Car, do you see the 'Baboon'?

They all stared round the bay with curiosity, but in vain. A dreadful misgiving came over their minds. What had become of the "Baboon"?

Dobbs was stupified with astonishment. There was no "Baboon" in sight!

"This comes of idling," remarked Chilton, with the calm bitterness of a man who feels that he is not responsible for the crisis. "Of course, the "Baboon" has been seized during the night. I'll go to the English minister—and he shall answer for the 'Baboon' with his head!"

How the minister's head was in any way responsible for the "Baboon," Chilton would perhaps have proceeded to show; but just at that moment the quick eye of Carisford descried a schooner bearing a strong resemblance to the missing vessel, coming down very pleasantly, with all sails set, from the direction of Baia Bay.

"May perdition seize me!" exclaimed Chilton, "but I believe that's her!" He then gave orders to the boatmen to pull towards her; and away they went, all feeling the greatest anxiety to have an explanation of this extraordinary circumstance.

As they drew near the schooner, it was quite obvious that they were not mistaken, and that she was, in fact, the genuine "Baboon."

Whatever mental anxiety was felt in the boat, there was obviously none on board the schooner, which glided down towards them in all the calm majesty of yachting respectability. Never had her spars appeared so lithe; never had her canvas gleamed with such a distinct purity of whiteness—and her copper cast just such a golden reflection in the water as is cast by the kingfisher in his flight.

As the boat drew nearer and nearer to the "Baboon," our adventurers were further astonished at hearing the sound of music proceed from her—and music, too, not floating over the water in long, melancholy, dying strains, such as would have harmonized with the scene; no, it was lively, sparkling music—melody out on the loose! In a word, it was dance music; and why it was so was soon obvious—for as the distance between the boat and the schooner lessened, it became perfectly apparent that groups were waltzing on the deck. In a word, the "Baboon" was obviously tenanted by a party of pleasure.

"Somebody shall suffer for this!" said Chilton, ferociously; and he rose up in the boat, and hailed the yacht in a stentorian voice.

Carisford was nearly dying with laughter; and as for Dobbs, he looked round with his usual air of helpless perplexity.

At first it seemed the intention of the "Baboon" to proceed majestically on her way, without taking any notice of the boat; but in a few minutes, a telescope was observed resting on the bulwark—and it being suddenly withdrawn, the schooner shortened sail and lay to.

Chilton and his friends instantly went alongside. When they landed on the deck, what a sight presented itself! That deck which had been consecrated by the wit of Chilton and the monarchy of Dobbs—that deck, where the little Cockney skipper had stood, hat in hand, in reverential awe, was now occupied by a miscellaneous party of travellers, who, having had a cruise to Baia, and having had a dance on the deck, were now occupied in lunching!

There they were, old and young, gathered together in groups, investigating cold pies, slicing delicate tongues, and opening sparkling champagne. The skylight of the cabin had been shut down, and converted into seats, obviously by bringing up the beds of the Society, and covering them with flags. Carisford's piano was lashed abaft, in a convenient position; and a judicious selection from the light literature in the library, in the way of novels and poems, lay variously about, for the use of the more refined of the party. The white china plates, adorned with the Society's arms, were in full employment. Huge hampers, with the silvery tops of champagne bottles peeping through the hay, were to be seen leaning against the vessel's sides. One old gentleman was mixing a salad in a punchbowl; and another was cooling claret in a portable bath full of cold water. It is almost superfluous to add, that punchbowl and portable bath were both the property of the Society.

This spectacle, we may easily believe, rather astonished the King and his companions. Chilton stood for a moment in stupified surprise, and glanced at the company with an air of the most sublime disdain.

This, however, seemed to produce but little effect. One old lady looked up at the new comers: what theory she had formed about them we do not know; but it is certain that, on seeing Chilton, she cried out—"I say, young man, bring them nutcrackers here—will you, if you please?"

"Mr. M'Mizen!" roared Chilton, moving aft; and in doing so, bestowing a kick, maliciously, on a small boy in the way, who was kneeling and devouring a fruit pie; "come here, sir! Explain this disgraceful proceeding!"

At these words there was a commotion among the party at lunch, and knives and forks were dropped in astonishment.

"Mr. Carisford," said Chilton, "go forward, if you please, and prepare to act according to my orders. Pray, gentlemen," he continued, turning round, and comprehensively addressing the party, "are you aware that you are, one and all of you, guilty of the most impertinent intrusion; that this yacht is the private property of my friend Mr. Dobbs, beside me; and that you have, none of you, any more right to be here than you have to be in that palace on shore?"

At these words the old gentleman who had been mixing the salad came forward, and said—"I presume, sir, we may have what we pay for? Look at that." Here he put into Chilton's hands a card bearing the following astounding inscription:—

"YACHT BABOON, DAVID M'MIZEN, MASTER.

ADMIT BEARER FOR CRUISE.

N.B.—Lunch, 5s. extra.—Children, Half-price."

It required, in spite of the humiliating position in which Chilton felt his darling "Baboon" to be placed, all his gravity to prevent him from bursting into a roar of laughter at this extraordinary card.

As he was twirling it round and round between his fingers, undecided how to act, he perceived M'Mizen coming up to him. M'Mizen was attired with singular care, obviously for the purpose of doing the honours of the vessel properly. He did not appear at all confused; but when Chilton said to him, sternly,—"Well, sir, what is the meaning of this? How dare you presume to take such a liberty?" he winked audaciously at him, and motioned in such a manner as to imply that he had some valuable communication to make in private on the subject.

Chilton accordingly went to the fore part of the vessel with him alone; when, just as he was beginning to reprimand him, M'Mizen said—"Noo, sir, I joost ask ye to look at that," and so saying, pulled out a purse full of dollars, and exhibited it with the calm air of conscious integrity.

"But, God bless me, sir! do you suppose—"

"Noo, my good young gentleman," interrupted the sailing master, with a tear drop, or rather a beer drop in his eye, "just hae some regard for the true principles o' economy! these mony days in the bay, ye hae no ane o' ye set foot aboard. I am no a young man, Master Chilton, and I hae some dependen on me for their breed, and sall I no do something honest, joost to leave them a wee bit fortin, puir things?" Here M'Mizen's eyes twinkled with a maudlin pathos of expression.

"D—n the fellow," thought Chilton; but he saw that there was no use in making a disturbance, at least at that time, and he was too much amused with Mr. M'Mizen to be very angry, so he confined himself to asking him how he proposed to get rid of the visitors.

M'Mizen was quite prepared for this, now that he had got his money all safe, and was so grateful to Chilton for his leniency in dealing with him, that he burst out—"Ah, sir, they hae been aboard here quite lang enough. I'll put them ashore, sir. Faith, sir, a guid ducking would do some o' them nae harm. There's ane old gentleman wha lunched as if he had na tasted for a fortnight."

"I wish we had a good rattling breeze," said Chilton, musingly, holding up his hand, after breathing on it, to catch the airs which were floating very delicately and lightly, and looking anxiously at the strange heavy clouds which hung dreamily over far Vesuvius.

"Ah, sir," said M'Mizen, "I wish we had! Do ye ken, sir, we hae joost had nae ither than this sma' win' a' day. Ye see, sir," he said, taking Chilton by the button confidentially, and lowering his voice—"This win' was no use to me; I set the big jib afore I brought lunch (here he gave an inimitable leer), joost to tak' the edge off their appetites, sir, but it made nae difference; she was as quiet as a lamb."

At that moment, the long hazel-coloured ringlets of a youthful passenger streamed out under her bonnet. The canvas of the yacht struggled in the wind; and the "Baboon" creaked and groaned in distress, while the sea foamed at the mouth, like a man in a fit.

"Shorten sail," cried Chilton.

Here the "Baboon" gave a lurch, and shot an old gentleman head foremost into the champagne hamper.

"Why don't you lower the fore-topsail?" Chilton roared.

"If you please, sir, there's a young gent asleep in the coil of the halyards."

"Pull the cub out," yelled Chilton, and Pereira rushed forward, and seized by the leg the boy who had been employed on the pie when they came on board.

"My boy! my boy!" screamed a middle-aged lady, seizing him just as Pereira extricated him from the coil.

A moment afterwards, the halyards were let go, and the rope dashed through the sheave-hole, with mad and fiery speed, as the yard came down the mast.

"Take a reef in, and brace sharp up," said Chilton to M'Mizen. "We must beat up for the anchorage, now that the wind has set in foul;" and away bowled the "Baboon" on the larboard tack, through a sea sparkling like molten glass.

"It was only a squall," Chilton said, turning round.

"Only a what, sir?" inquired the old gentleman who had been precipitated into a hamper, and about whose head the hay was still hanging in graceful festoons. It was obvious from his appearance that he was excessively angry, and he did not look a bit the less ridiculous on that account.

"I said a squall, sir," replied Chilton, sarcastically. "Ready about!"

"But, sir, when I came on board, I—"

"Helm a lee!" roared Chilton.

"This is most disgrace—"

Whew!—here there was a tremendous flapping, and thunder pealed from the canvas as it shook in the wind—then a jerk, and a whirring noise, a heel over, and the boom rolled over to the other side, carrying the angry gentleman's hat with it, and away went the "Baboon" on the other tack.

"Really, sir," said Chilton, "I am sorry that you are obviously so little accustomed to salt water. But such accidents are unavoidable."

The angry gentleman looked a little mollified, but cast a long and wistful glance at his hat, which was bobbing away like a buoy in the wake of the yacht.

And now, as we presume that our readers are by this time aware that goodnature was a distinguishing feature of the Society, we hope they will not be surprised at learning, that Chilton and his friends exerted themselves to make those who were on board as comfortable as possible. M'Mizen was directed to bring up some wine of a peculiar excellence, only used on rare occasions. It was some which Dobbs had found in the cellars at Brokesby Hall, and it had been bought by his uncle, Mr. Forrester, at a sale of the property of a nobleman who had reduced himself from some £300,000 a year to the beggarly pittance of £15,000, and had become, of course, an object of profound sympathy.

As that fact was mentioned, who should suddenly make his appearance from the cabin but the philosophical young gentleman whom they had met at the *table-d'hôte*. That youth, who wore blue spectacles—who was a great admirer of Lord Brougham—who dreamed of Jeremy Bentham, and thought Carlyle a wild theorist—dearly loved a discussion, so up he came, and renewed his acquaintance with the Society.

"You were speaking of my Lord Blundermere?"

"Yes; this wine came from his cellar at ——. May I offer you a glass?"

The philosophical young gentleman bowed, and drank one with great gusto—"What a vicious spendthrift he was," remarked he, toying with two or three golden drops that lurked in the bottom of the glass.

"If he had not been so, we should not have had this wine to-day," said Chilton, laughing.

"To be sure, there's something in that. 'Private vices are public benefits,' said Mandeville. "Yes, there's something in that."

"There's nothing in your glass, however," said Chilton, filling it again.

The philosophical youth took a dainty sip.—"But why should the aristocracy have such enormous wealth?" pursued he. "What an infamous disposition of property!"

"If all were equal, all would have only moderate means—and who then would have Burgundy like this?"

The youth took another dainty sip.—"Then, how wretchedly deficient they are in intellect and acquirements," he said.

"Therefore intellect and acquirements become more necessary to the state, and get better rewarded; so intellect and acquirements attain Burgundy like this," replied Chilton, filling the philosopher's glass once more.

The youth emptied it, put it down, and walked forward on the deck for a little fresh air.

As his back was turned, Chilton pulled Carisford's arm, and said, laughing—"Ah, my dear sir, that's the way to deal with radicals: the aristocracy should go the right way to work, and stop their mouths with Burgundy!"

It was morning at Naples, and the city sparkled with life as merrily as the bay before it; and from out the spires of the churches, sounded the voice of bells, which floated through the air, and died far away on the water, and a wave of the most brilliant plebeianism dashed along the Strada Toledo. Through the broad thoroughfare, which runs in a line with the bay, and of which gardens and palaces are the boundaries, were to be seen, flying along, the light carriages of the English strangers resident in the town.

And, indeed, the gaiety which sparkled everywhere was not to be wondered at! it was a "great day" for Naples, for on that day a distinguished prince was to lead to the "hymeneal altar" an equally distinguished princess. This was the reason why the city wore an appearance more than ordinarily brilliant. The populace were overjoyed, and shook their rags in triumph. One would have thought that they were to have had a grievance under which they laboured redressed at a blow; yet nothing of the sort was in the least intended; and the mob were in reality howling with joy, because a young gentleman, whom nine-tenths of them did not know by sight, was to marry a young lady who would not have sacrificed one brilliant from her finger to have saved them from an eruption of Vesuvius. But mobs are easily pleased; a king's marriage, or a king's funeral, is equally a holiday to them.

Indeed, to one who chose to penetrate below the surface of happiness and splendour altogether throughout the town, the general state of things would have seemed remarkable enough. Who was happy in the middle of all this? Were the two great actors in the ceremony happy? It was a mere political alliance; and though we disclaim any unamiable suspiciousness of mind, yet who can view, without some surprise, the haste with which the august prince then married, subsequently bolted from a revolution, leaving his wife behind him?

Then, too, consider the petty jealousies, the miserable disappointments to which the happy event gave rise! Mr. Blobbs had a ticket to witness the ceremony, and Mr. Bobbins had not. Here, at one stroke, was raised undue triumph in the heart of Blobbs, and unchristian indignation in the soul of Bobbins. Mr. Tomkins had strained heaven and earth to secure the admission for himself and Mrs. T., but in vain. So Mr. Tomkins resolved to console himself in the bosom of his family; and did so accordingly, amidst the sneers of his wife and the sulks of his daughter.

And now, while all due preparations are being made for the ceremony—while the vestments of the archbishop who is to officiate are being prepared, and that reverend man is breakfasting (*not* on locusts and wild honey), in order to be ready; while the dust is being reverently removed from the rich paintings and gleaming silver of the chapel—while the bride is surveying herself in the mirror, and, in her maiden blush, the blood of a hundred kings mantles in her cheek—while Mr. Blubber (English traveller) is splitting his nether court garments in trying them on—while all this is going forward, we proceed to the New York Hotel, where, seated at breakfast, are our young friends, all in plebeian ignorance of the great event impending.

"If you please, sir," said a tall gentleman, with a moustache and a manner equally oily, entering the room—"if you please, sir, there is an individual in the lower regions——"

"A what?" asked young Pereira, laughing.

Now the tall, oily gentleman was the head man at the hotel, an ingenious Italian, who being particularly anxious to acquire the English language, was studying it through the medium of the leading articles of English journals, and of one or two grave English works, which travellers had given him. His English, therefore, was far from colloquial in its character, and was additionally laughable from its being often incorrect.

"What is the matter, Mr. Dellaria?" inquired Chilton.

"An individual, sir, of whose attitude, I assume him to be professionally mariner, waits or waiteth beneath us," said Dellaria, bowing most gracefully and formally as he pronounced this set speech.

"In fact, there's a man you take to be a sailor, down stairs, eh, Mr. Dellaria?"

"Yes, sir, sai-lor down stairs," repeated he, to fix it on his memory.

"Bring him up," said Chilton.

Mr. Dellaria looked puzzled.

"Direct him to ascend to us."

And the tall gentleman bowed, as if satisfied now, and departed.

"Mr. M'Mizen!" exclaimed Chilton, as that invaluable sailing master entered the room. "Well, what news?"

"What news?" inquired he; "hae ye nae heard the bells gaun this morning, as tho' they would bring down the godless and sinfu' kirks? There's a grand marriage, sir, this morning, and," continued M'Mizen, "they mak' as much to do aboot a wee-bit gilpie o' a Yittalian princess, as tho' it was ane of the Hous o' Douglas!"

"But, what of it—what of it?" Chilton asked; for Mr. M'Mizen's Presbyterianism had received such a shock from the sounds of the bells, that it appeared he had forgotten in his excitement what bearing the marriage had on the fortunes of the gentlemen of the "Baboon."

"Why, sir, joost this," said he, recollecting himself; "the English government must aye ha a hand in a' that taks place, sae there's a line o' battle ship in sicht, nae doot coming on account o' the ceremonie."

"Whew!" cried Chilton, at this intelligence; "*now* we must bolt, whether we like it or no—that's pretty clear. Now, my boys, we must go on board. M'Mizen, proceed, weigh anchor, lay-to, and send a boat on shore."

The sailing master departed. And now there was a scene of bustle and confusion in the hotel. There were trunks to pack and bills to pay. Mr. M'Mizen's surmise concerning the vessel in sight was perfectly correct. She was H.M.S, "Preposterous," Captain

Ricochet, and had been sent from Malta by Sir Booby Booing to do honour to the marriage ceremony, though what possible honour, by the way, the presence of Ricochet could do to any human ceremony, we are at a loss to divine. And here we may glance, *en passant*, at the honourable conduct of that officer, who on this occasion so managed matters, that no one belonging to his ship except himself could get admission to the chapel. But this by the way.

Through the busy brain of Chilton, as he was hurriedly preparing for departure, numberless calculations ran. "Would the man-of-war meddle with the 'Baboon'? Had she any power to do so? What was the exact nature of the information that the admiral had respecting her? Where had they best proceed?" Nothing seemed clear to him except the fact that go they must. Fairly out of the way, nothing very terrible could well happen.

Soon, by desperate exertions, their luggage was got ready, and removed to the boat; and soon everything was prepared. That night, the yacht left Naples.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE "BABOON" AMONG THE IONIAN ISLANDS.—A ROMANTIC EXCURSION.

High above the surrounding water towers the lighthouse of Corfu; beneath it, in the anchorage, three weeks after all that happened in our last chapter, were lying two vessels, an ugly corvette and a beautiful schooner. The corvette was H.M.S. "Orson," Captain Gunne; the schooner was the "Baboon."

And why was the "Baboon" lying with such calm impudence near the "Orson?" The truth is, that her bad reputation had not yet penetrated in the form of a distinct intelligence to that part of the station. Besides, Captain Gunne was not a dangerous man to be near. One may reasonably fly from a lion; but who, in the name of Providence, would ignominiously bolt from an ass?

Here they found the "Orson" lying in command; she had been on the Corfu station for months. The fact was that Gunne was related to Sir Booby Booing in some way or other, so that he had just served wherever was most convenient for him—had his wife up to live with him, and made himself completely at home.

The heroes of the "Baboon" soon learned all these particulars from the midshipmen of the "Orson," who amused their leisure hours and their mess visitors by making Gunne an object of ridicule; and Gunne, indeed, was most admirably fitted for the purpose.

Sir Humphry Davy has remarked, that a chain of sensitive creation may be traced, link by link, from the polypus to the philosopher. Captain Gunne was much nearer to the polypus of the two. Nothing, in fact, could be more distinct from a philosopher than the worthy man. "Philosophy," says Coleridge, "begins in wonder;" but Gunne never wondered, except, perhaps, what there was for dinner, and that scarcely comes within the meaning of the poet's sentence. He had a goodnatured contempt for literature, and a benign compassion for poets. He was very fond of threatening to bring his officers to a court-martial, and spoke about it so often that the threat soon became as ridiculous as the generality of his observations. He possessed enough science to know that the world was round, and that there was no chance of the "Orson" ever tumbling off it (a species of dread common in Drake's time); and he was also aware that there was a law of gravity, which, if he exposed himself outside a two-pair window, would inevitably bring him thundering down into the street. He had a conscience which never interfered with his sleep or his digestion; and was so far generous, that when he had incautiously bought more grapes than he could eat himself, he used to send the surplus as a present to the midshipmen, just as they began to turn rotten.

The Society (cheered by the company of the midshipmen of the "Orson") found that Corfu was not a disagreeable place. It is indeed a very beautiful island, with its rich plains—its white houses peeping through the fields and foliage about them, like the white head of the snowdrop, contrasting with its green stalk. There is one broad road which, shaded by massive arching trees, is singularly fine; and the traveller along it, after passing by gay farm houses, and fields where the heavy red grape weighs down the long tendrils of the vine, finds himself, by an abrupt rising, on a rocky summit, from which he unexpectedly sees the silver water of the sea far below. Corfu owes its chief architectural attractions to what remains of the Venetian sway there. Wherever Venice ruled, she has left behind a beauty which has outlived her wealth.

Of Corfu, socially considered, little need be said. There is nothing very attractive in garrison society—and not much to admire in dissipation without brilliancy, and scandal unredeemed by epigram.

Chilton and Dobbs went one day over to the Albanian coast to shoot, where Dobbs adventured into a marsh after some snipe. As he struggled through the long reeds in the swamp, his foot sunk deep, and the unhappy king, in extricating it, discovered that his shoe had found a watery grave beneath. He was consequently obliged to hobble along the shingle to the boat, considerably annoyed by the pebbles, and (as Chilton averred) frequently exclaiming, in imitation of His Grace the Duke of Wellington's celebrated exclamation—"Would to God night or my *Bluchers* were here!"

But the chief amusement of the Baboonites was to go on board the "Orson," where the pleasant lively fellows that formed the midshipmen's mess were at once hospitable and amusing. There was always to be had in that mess a good anecdote and an old bottle of port. There the worthy Gunne was dissected in discussion, and flayed in invective. His small tricks for intruding himself into the houses of the consuls in the islands, with a view to battening on their hospitality, were thoroughly known and unsparingly shown up.

In fact, the "Orson's" mess contained some of the cleverest and most agreeable specimens of the new school in the service. They were neither illiterate nor toadies. When Gunne talked nonsense, they laughed at him; when Lady Smithers informed the mess (per card, in due form) that she was "at home," they permitted her ladyship to stay at home, as far as they were concerned, unmolested.

It happened while the "Baboon" and "Orson" were in company, that Captain Gunne resolved on a step which he had been long contemplating. Under the poop of the "Orson" was a considerable space, which formed a convenient shelter for the men of the watch during bad weather. Now, Gunne—whose reasoning faculties were not very dull when brought to bear on matters affecting his own interest—took it into his head (where, by the bye, there was plenty of room for it) that this space would do capitally well for a summer cabin for his own private use; and he accordingly, by a copious use of government stores, had one built there, very comfortably indeed.

A few days after this, Chilton and Carisford went on board to visit the "Orson," where they found in the berth young Royster, a midshipman.

"Hillo! glad to see you," says Royster; "I am glad you have come on board to-day. Gunne's last is to be seen to-day! The old boy's gone on shore, and I'll show it you."

So they all went on deck, and aft on the starboard side, to the outside of the cabin in question.

"There," exclaimed Royster, as they reached it, "behold the den!" Here he took hold of one of the *jalousies*, which were up. "The *jalousies*, you perceive, are of ship's wood; yon stuff with which the cabin is lined is ship's dreadnought. Observe the size of the place!" pursued Royster, rising into virtuous indignation; "and see how it is constructed in every respect, with every regard to comfort, and no regard to the service!"

The young men paused outside, close to the cabin, roaring with laughter, and making all sorts of observations on it and its architect.

"A cunning old buffer, eh?" said Royster.

"Yes," said Chilton; "the foxes of the earth have holes, you see—but your seamen in the watch will have no place to lay their heads."

"And now," said Royster, "let us look at the interior," and he advanced and seized the handle of the door; "perhaps we'll see some of the rotten grapes there that he destines for his next present."

At these words, the midshipman opened the door—and, advancing a step, stopped short, thunderstruck; for there he saw—sitting pale with rage, having heard every word that had been said, and felt every one as if it were a kick—the captain himself. Royster's liveliness was checked immediately; and the Baboonites thought it best to leave the ship.

We can easily imagine with what zest Gunne "stopped the leave" of Royster for his exploit, and that the youth was not sorry when the ship left Corfu for Patras. The "Baboon" followed her there—for as yet, whatever had reached the ears of Sir Booby Booing, that active commander-in-chief had taken no measures against our friends of the Society.

It is a popular remark in the navy, that those who go to sea for pleasure, would go to the residence of his Satanic Majesty for pastime. Without fully committing ourselves to the same assertion with regard to visitors to Patras, we may yet be understood to be of opinion that it is not an agreeable place of residence. There is a very dreary tower, which represents the defunct past, and a very dirty town, which constitutes the discreditable present; there are churches of the Greek establishment, on the walls of which glare dismally paintings at once tawdry and seedy. About the town you may see occasionally patriarchs of the church in top-boots. The inhabitants of Patras enjoy vote by ballot, and have not much to eat; tyranny and beef are almost unknown to that happy population. The general elections are distinguished by disturbances. There is a great deal of liberty, and very little comfort; the mob suffer, and the respectable residents complain. It would be absurd to take up space here by enlarging on Greek politics; suffice it to say, that those who handed the country over to Otho, performed an act that resembles nothing so much as Wilkes's* impiety, when he administered the sacrament to an ape.

And now, while the two vessels were lying at Patras together, there was an excursion got up, something between a pilgrimage and pic-nic, to Mount Parnassus, and the seat of the ancient Delphi; and they weighed anchor, and proceeded to a place favourable for landing for the journey.

There were in the party all the youths of the "Baboon." From the "Orson" were also Captain Gunne, Lieutenant Grumphy, Mr. Medley the purser, old Skunksby the surgeon, Charley Sycamore, a midshipman, &c. There were a couple of guides supplied with the heavy hooded cloaks, so common in Greece, called *greggos* (we cannot answer for the spelling of the word)—and, of course, there were hampers, with a proper supply of provisions. The journey was to be performed on shaggy ponies and asses; and as the party landed, these were found drawn up, caparisoned in strange guise, with strange wooden high saddles, and bridles of knotty rope. Rough cloths were thrown over them, to help to make the seats of the equestrians more tolerable.

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* See Lord Brougham's *Statesmen.*—Art. *Wilkes.*

Gunne's donkey gave a shrill bray of welcome as his portly figure crossed it, and then started off abruptly, making the shingle rattle.

"Ugh! ugh! ugh!" ejaculated the naval warrior. "Where's the bridle?"

"Stop the donkey!" roared Carisford; and Gunne's donkey was stopped, that the wants of the captain might be supplied.

And then away went the party, their journey lying through scenery of inexhaustible variety. Now they passed through green plains, and saw a little brook, running like a silver thread, reflecting a world of beauty in every tiny bubble. Sometimes they clambered through rocky passes, among which, springing from every patch of earth where vegetation could take root, the vine extended its long thin arms, and struggled, as it were, for a respectable livelihood. Anon, in single line, they defiled one by one down long paths, on rocky mountain sides—on one side the mountain, on the other the precipice; far below, the rich valley—far away, the distant sunny hills—and now and then amongst the rocks, they found a hewn-out tomb, round which the timid lizard displayed, in the light, its green and golden colours.

"Who mounts Parnassus?" inquired Chilton, as the snowy top of the great mountain of song appeared in view.

"Parnassus, eh?" said Gunne, in his sharp pompous voice; "that's Parnassus, eh?" and Gunne put on an appearance of enthusiasm. "Very fine, indeed, upon my honour!"

"Devilish chilly, I should think," said Sycamore.

They rode to the foot of it, through loose stones and small trees, but very few volunteers were found for the ascent; and old Skunksby, who was one of them, after fatiguing himself in going up till he could enjoy nothing of the view, regaled himself with a nip of raw brandy at the top, the result of which, combined with the cold, was that in coming down he felt inclined to take every rock for an arm-chair, and was obliged to be goaded into moving down. Meanwhile, the remainder of the party pursued their way to Castri.

Castri, *late* Delphi—how much is implied in that change! A monastery substituted for an oracle—a puddle, on the surface of which green weeds float, representing the Castalian spring. Through the walls of the court-yard of the convent, amongst the modern stones, you may see peep out the fierce head of an old marble lion, helping, no doubt, to supply the want of a brick.

The youths of the "Baboon" gathered in a group round the spring of Castaly. It lies close to high perpendicular red rocks.

"Now," said Chilton, "I am going to perform a religious ceremony," and he took up some of the water. "We embarked in the 'Baboon' under the influence of enthusiasm; we have tarnished its purity by vulgar dissipation; earth stains are upon us. I will perform a lustration." Here he sprinkled his friends with drops of water. "For the future, let us have nobler aims."

"And this," mused Carisford, "was the site of the Delphian oracle. I wish that we could get a response now. How it would be flocked to, if such sagacious answers could be obtained as those which cheered on the Dorians to accomplishing the most brilliant revolution of early antiquity."

"Why," said Chilton, "as to that, something may be learned here yet, in the way of wisdom, if only from the material objects around the spot. For instance, look at the mulberry tree; on its rich green leaves, the silkworm spins round its carcass a neat covering of silk, and lies snug and indifferent to surrounding objects. Thus he represents Capital, acting on the present amiable system. By and by, however, come in active gentlemen from the neighbourhood—that is to say, Labour—and they coolly strip the worm of his wealth, help themselves to it, and put the worm to death? Capitalists might take a hint here—mightn't they?"

"These are most pernicious doctrines," ejaculated Dobbs. "But talking of the ancient oracles, I wonder how the imposture was carried on?"

"Nay, Dobbs," said Chilton, "don't be so ready to give the name of imposture to what antiquity held to be sacred. The oracle was wise, at all events, and wisdom is a sacred thing, and might reasonably be considered divine in the highest sense of the word. For my part," continued Chilton, "I consider it the highest compliment to anything, now-a-days, to hear it called superstitious. I always laugh at the 'liberal-minded' gentry, who prate about 'enlightenment;' how many I have met, who, though they did not believe in God, yet believed in Jeremy Bentham!"

"Let us seek a response to guide the 'Baboon's' next expedition," said Chilton, as a sandpiper dashed from its rest, in a hole far up the red craggy rock, and with a shrill piping noise, flew away westward. "Let the 'Baboon' follow its example."

A cheer from the Society echoed through the sacred valley.

"By Jove," Carisford cried out eagerly, "the augury from the movement of birds was popular among the ancients. Now, I think that from the chickens in the hand of yonder Greek guide, we may augur that dinner is in active preparation."

And so the "Baboonites" bent their way to the house in the village of Delphi which had been selected as a resting-place for the night by the party, and here, in the ancient province of Phocis, and on the S. W. of Parnassus, they prepared for dinner.

From out their capacious hampers came the homely English ham; the brown sherry of Campbell and Hodges; the tart and creamy ale of Bass.

To say that Gunne was in his element would be faintly to represent a fact of importance. He was to be observed mixing a salad, at which he was always great. How delicately he peeled the shell from the hard-boiled egg, how tenderly he divided it, and displayed the yellow pulp of the interior, gleaming like the flower of the crocus!

The party fell-to at the repast with great vigour, while up from the grateless hearth the sparks from the wood fire flew noisily and fast. The conversation rattled on.

"Here's improvement to Corfu!" said one of the party; "and next time that an European prince goes there to live, let us hope that the circles wont find it necessary to have a meeting, to discuss whether his mistress ought to be received into society or not."

"Merciful powers!" asked Chilton; "is it a fact that they had a doubt on the subject?"

"I heard it on very good authority," answered old Skunksby.

"How I should have liked to be present," said one of the party. "Fancy the delicacy of the subject; old Mrs. Yahoo in the chair, all prudery and paint; the blushing and the heehawing—the keen discussion—and ultimately a poll demanded by the toady faction, and decency triumphant by a majority of one!"

Some little time after dinner, a tender melancholy came over the soul of Gunne. He began to recal his happy infancy—the peg-top no longer his—the corduroys that had vanished for ever; and this frame of mind being much encouraged by those about him, as tending to promote amusement, he then advanced to reminiscences of his courtship, the harvest-moon that had shone upon the scene, &c. In fact, the old gentleman became rather maudlin, and intimated to the company that he would probably "dissolve in tears," which, considering his gross bulk, seemed to threaten no ordinary catastrophe.

As night drew on, *greggos* were spread on the floors of different rooms in the house; and rolling themselves round in these, the travellers slept. The next morning they began the journey back.

When the "Orson" and "Baboon" arrived once more at Patras, they discovered that there was lying there another yacht, a schooner, being, in short, that of Mr. Mango, to which allusion was made by Captain Ropesby, to his friend, Toe Chilton, at Naples, in a previous chapter of our history.

Mr. Mango "kept himself to himself," as the phrase goes; so that Captain Gunne, who made various attempts to ascertain all about him, with a view to future dinners—as a sportsman marks the feeding-ground of his game, so as to be able to drop on it when convenient—could effect no approach whatever to intimacy, and looked on Mango as a low and improper character. He accordingly went on with his duties as British officer at Patras, which duties were to dine with the English consul, and ride out with him on the sands in the afternoon, and, occasionally, to receive a formal visit from the consul, in his cocked hat, on board. (By the bye, the cocked hats of our consuls have generally much more effect abroad than the consuls themselves, and are the most powerful supporters of our admirable foreign policy.)

All this while the "Baboon" remained in Patras also; but this was chiefly that a thorough refit might be made, as they fully intended to take a long voyage, after once starting.

Just about the time that they were ready to start, the mail from Malta (which touches at Patras, *en route* to Corfu, in going up) became due. How glad they were in the "Orson" when the low curling smoke began to show over the horizon, just as if some quiet cottage were situated there. The man accustomed to half a dozen twopenny posts a day, rattling like an exploding cracker along the street, cannot fancy the exquisite excitement of the approach of a mail steamer abroad.

This feeling was not shared by the Baboonites, whose correspondents knew not where to address them; and as the steamer rolled in, they viewed her flashing paddles with indifference.

Let the reader now fancy himself in Captain Gunne's cabin, where that officer is opening his despatches and letters. The captain has put on his spectacles. The midshipmen are in the berth, wading through long crossed and recrossed letters, and hurrying to the part about money matters. One of them is devouring "*Galignani.*"

Gunne goes through letter after letter, with his sharp whining "Pish!" and "Pshaw!" according to the contents of each. "Heh! hey!" he cries. "What's this? A pirate in the Mediterranean? Hey? my gad!"

This despatch astonished Gunne more than any of the others over which he glanced: and he gave vent to his feelings in a few sharp grunts, and then rang for the first lieutenant.

In a minute an active little red-faced man came into the cabin, and bowed submissively to him, with about as much cheerfulness as can reasonably be assumed by a man, in bowing submissively to a person his inferior in birth, talents, and education.

"Curious news, this mail, Mr. Baltic. Curious—very, by Jove!"

Mr. Baltic paused—outwardly in patient expectation—inwardly with *im*patient execration.

"A pirate is said to be somewhere on the station, Mr. Baltic. Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"There are pirates on the Barbary coast," Baltic responded; "and I have heard of a piratical brig appearing in the Archipelago."

"This would appear to be a schooner, according to the accounts which have reached head-quarters; but perhaps I had better read you the instructions on the subject;" and Gunne began——

(It is with a pride not to be suppressed that we here subjoin the extract. Sir Booby Booing prided himself on his literary qualifications, and was very fond of issuing general orders, wherein the words were big and the ideas small, to the wondering squadron.)

"Among other matters, forming links in the concatenation of your duties (wherein all duties to be discharged radiate)," here Captain Gunne looked puzzled, but thought the words meant something very fine, "you are instructed to cruise, for the purpose of finding a schooner, supposed to be somewhere among the Ionian Islands, with bad intentions. A pirate, or *prædo*, has been well called *communis hostis*," (Gunne slurred over these words with precipitate haste) "and she," ("Who?" thought Baltic,) "within a day's sail of Gibraltar, chased a brig."

At this admirably lucid statement, Gunne paused, and wiped the perspiration from his anxious brow.—"Well, Mr. Baltic," he said, "pass the messenger. We had better get under way this evening, and cruise among the islands."

In a short time the news had spread among the officers of the "Orson," that a pirate was somewhere on the station, and had produced a very pleasurable excitement in the midshipmen's berth, not perhaps, however, so much in the mind of Chilton, who was there at lunch, as in that of the others. He had, in fact, been so perfectly at ease in his mind about the "Baboon," of late, that the announcement in question came upon him with an astonishing effect. He sat, however, and listened to the triumphant anticipations of the young men about him, and their discussions on the subject, with a very praiseworthy calmness.

"I suppose you will come with us, Chilton, on the cruise?" asked young Sycamore.

"I'm afraid not," said Chilton, who instantly invented a story. "The fact is, that Dobbs's mother and sister, both in very bad health, are at Malta, waiting his arrival, and we must go down there."

"Away there, gigs!" shouted the voice of the boatswain, following on a shrill scream of his whistle, at this moment.

"Gunne off somewhere," said the clerk, who was quietly mixing himself some swizzle.

"I say, young gentlemen," said the boatswain himself, rolling in at the berth door, "there's one on ye wanted to go on shore with the capting!"

"Who volunteers for that pleasant job?"

"I must go, I suppose," Sycamore said. "Thank God, it isn't Regent-street! I would not be seen there with the old fellow for the world."

So saying, Sycamore jumped up, and went on deck.

He was required to go to the consul's with the captain, who was going to discuss the despatches with that functionary.

"Mr. Royster below?" cried a gruff voice.

"Here you are, Blumber," Royster said; "what's the matter?"

"Please, sir, is the master aboard?"

"I believe not. What for?"

"Why the skipper of that ere currant brig as lies off our larboard bow, has come aboard to look at our mahometan."

"Our *what?*" asked Royster, with surprise.

"Why, sir, the mahometan, or crommeter, or whatever you call it."

"Oh, the chronometer!" said Royster, laughing; "I see; the fellow has come to compare his time with ours. I'll come up to speak to him."

So Royster and Chilton went on deck together; Chilton determined to take the opportunity of slipping quietly on board, and weighing in the "Baboon."

"Where's the skipper of the brig?" inquired Royster, as he and Chilton reached the deck and stood together.

"Here he is, sir," said the quartermaster.

And there advanced aft to Royster, a little man with black oily whiskers, dressed in a blue coat, much too big for him, with a red waistcoat, red belcher handkerchief, a blue shirt, and blue trousers, the ends of which were turned up over a pair of loose-fitting and ugly boots. His hat had a seedy roll of crape round it, and his dirty fingers were made more conspicuous by blue rings, *tattooed* round them in nautical fashion. He came up to Royster, touched his hat, and opened his mouth, when suddenly he turned pale, and looked transfixed.

Royster looked at him, now that his eyes were fixed on Chilton, with an appearance as if that young gentleman had been a rattlesnake.

And, indeed, Chilton's expression of countenance was not particularly calm, for he at once recognised in this apparition the man whose brig he had wantonly interfered with near Gibraltar.

The fact was, that the little skipper, after staying at Malta, where he had disseminated accounts of the "Baboon," which had soon spread with various additions, and in various forms, all round the station, had proceeded eastward for his cargo of currants—and after being some time at Zante, had arrived that morning at Patras.

Chilton at once perceived the impropriety of having a scene on the "Orson's" quarter deck, so he quickly jumped into a boat that was lying alongside, and went on board the "Baboon."

Mr. Barlow, the skipper, glanced anxiously through one of the quarter-deck ports after him, and then turned round to Mr. Royster, and said—"Oh, sir! Do you gents aboard this here ship know what that infernal craft is?"

"Why a gentleman's yacht, of course," said Royster.

"Ah, so she looks," answered the skipper, knowingly (for there actually had been some people in Malta who had guessed the real state of affairs, though the skipper, by way of exalting his own character, rigidly maintained that she was a pirate, and that he had had an awful adventure); "but she's a reg'lar pirate, sir. She chased me with a black flag flying, fires a broadside at me (oh, fie, skipper!) and turns funky at the last moment, and lets me go."

"Pooh, pooh, sir!" said Royster, and recalled the little man's attention to the business on which he had come.

But this did not satisfy him; so, after seeing the chronometer, and having learned that the captain of the "Orson" was on shore, he went off to see him, and tell him the circumstances. He had considerable delay to undergo, however, before he got an interview, for Gunne was out riding with some of the consul's family. At last he met him coming down rapidly to the landing-place, where his gig was waiting for him, and in a terribly bad humour.

"Well, sir, well?" said Gunne, hastily.

The skipper went on with his story.

"Oh, stuff, sir! How dare you tell such nonsense to me! Sir, I'd bring you to a court-martial, if you belonged to my ship."

But still the little skipper persisted; and Gunne was influenced by his perseverance, and determined to make inquiries.

It was now nearly sunset, and Gunne went on board, taking the skipper with him in his gig, that he might take down the particulars from him—"What time is it, quartermaster?" he asked.

"Just on three bells, sir" (half-past five), said he, giving a jerk to the half-hour glass, through which the sand was running merrily along, under the poop.

"Ah, ah!" ejaculated Gunne, sharply. "Where does the yacht "Baboon" lie now, quartermaster?"

"'Baboon,' sir?" answered the quartermaster, raising a glass, and peeping through it; "she sailed at two o'clock, sir."

"My gad! indeed!" said Gunne.

"Yes, sir," said the quartermaster; "she weighed just afore two, sir; just as the smartish north-easterly breeze set in."

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE TAIL AGAIN.

There is a class of Jew slop-sellers in our seaports, who negotiate bills at enormous interest, buy contingent prize-money for moderate sums down, lend cash to green midshipmen, and bully their parents out of it (with interest), by threatening to write to the Admiralty—in fact, who transact all kinds of business, from supplying an outfit to selling a snuffbox, *not* made of wood from the wreck of the "Royal George." A Mr. Limp did some business, by acting as a go-between—or legal *leno*—between these Israelites and the nautical Gentiles who were either too shy or too cunning to apply to them directly themselves: he picked up some good things in this way; but it was not money alone that he sought after. Limp was vain, anxious to make crack acquaintances, and no doubt considered an invitation to dinner from a youngster that he had done a stroke of business for, as good as half the commission on it. He was an acute fellow, too, and we may mention one way that he had of introducing himself into "practice," as not without ingenuity. When a man-of-war was lying off Spithead, say, just come home from a foreign station, he used to take a shore boat, arm himself with drawing materials—knowing Limp!—and proceed to have himself rowed round her, apparently busily engaged in taking her portrait. Of course, the officers could not help feeling some curiosity to see what art made of their vessel; and thus it frequently happened that he got asked on board, pressed to stay to dinner, and so had an opening afforded him, which led to business.

One day, there was a loud ring at his bell, and his clerk, a tall raw overgrown boy, with long red ears, came into the *sanctum* from the outer room—"Shall I say you're in, sir?"

"Very well," said Mr. Limp; and he had scarcely time to adjust a paper or two, dust the map which displayed the disposition of the property of an intestate, hanging on the wall, with his pocket handkerchief, and put his top-boots into a spare blue bag in the corner, before the red-eared clerk announced Mr. Carisford, and a tall gentlemanly man entered the room.

"Mr. Limp?" said the tall gentleman.

"At your service, sir," replied Limp.

"I have a son, sir, in the 'Pestilent'—"

"Have you?" thought Limp, who was perfectly aware that Carisford junior was some hundreds of miles off, by the latest accounts.

"And I have come down to see him. Now, as I have learned—no matter how, it is a business affair—that you have had some transactions with him, I have thought it right to come to you, in the first place, about them."

Now the intellect of Limp was not a particularly great one, but, such as it was, it was active. It was like a swivel-gun, in fact, not carrying heavy metal, but always capable of being brought to bear anywhere at a moment's notice. He saw in an instant his policy, which was to get all the business between himself and young Carisford settled at once, before the old gentleman should be converted into the frame of mind known as "rusty," by an account of his son's proceedings.

"Just so, sir," replied Limp. "Why, the transactions between us are very slight. The young man being enthusiastically fond of his profession, purchased a boat from me, sir, and I hold his I O U for the amount."

Here Limp opened a desk, while an involuntary shudder came over the doomed parent, and drew forth the document, which was drawn up in rather a flourishing hand, as if the youth knew at the time that he was "doing the governor," and gloried in it. By the bye, the secret history of the affair was this;—the boat was an ingenious fiction, a mythical vessel, like the classical ship "Argo," and represented a sum which Carisford had received from Limp in hard cash. They had only met on that one occasion, when Car acquired a knowledge of Limp's tastes which enabled him to instruct Chilton how to manage him in the inn.

"Hem!" said the old gentleman, looking at it. "Very well, sir; oblige me with a receipt," and he paid the money, pocketing the I O U to show to Car's sisters as a curiosity. "Now," said Mr. Carisford, "do you know, sir, where I could see the captain of my son's ship? I should like to have some conversation with him."

Limp gave him the worthy's address on shore; and, after conducting him very politely downstairs, he came up again, and said to the red-eared clerk—"I am always out when that gentleman calls—do you hear, Bob?"

"Yes, sir," answered Bob.

And it is likely that he punctually attended to his instructions, for there were sundry ties between them, besides those of clerk and employer. Bob's mother was Limp's washerwoman; and Bob had been employed by him in various delicate negotiations, and so forth.

And now, while Limp locks up his desks, rakes out his little fire in the *sanctum*, and prepares to go out and spend the afternoon with the calm satisfaction of a man who has done a good day's work (for Limp never expected to get his money so soon, a consideration which considerably influenced the amount he gave in exchange for the I O U), let us follow his visitor, who is employed in pursuing his only son.

Mr. Carisford was a country gentleman, of a fortune that would have been a good one in the hands of anybody else; but he did not know how to manage it, or rather his wife and children did know for him. The strange thing about this old gentleman was, that in theory he was the most severe, rigid, unamiable being that ever lived, while in practice he was one of the softest characters that you could meet anywhere. His father had been just such a severe character as he thought he was, and had striven to make him the same; but the attempt had been only so far successful as to be partially injurious, and to give a decided appearance of incongruity to his character and actions. Mr. Carisford was a strong Tory, and went in for church and state; but then it happened that the Whig candidate in his county would occasionally be an honest and able man, so Mr. Carisford voted for him, and was set down as a waverer. Mr. Carisford was a great advocate for game preserving, but then he had not the heart to punish a poacher; so it is easy to guess what become of the worthy man's game. He was a high churchman—and could not refuse a subscription to a dissenting chapel when it was eloquently urged upon him. He solemnly believed that the Pope was Antichrist (at least he said so)—and had Jesuits to dinner. He *said* that vagrants ought to be sent to the treadmill—and if he met one out walking, gave him all the change he had about him. He thought himself a perfect Spartan in bringing up his children—yet it was notorious that they were spoiled, to all the world. He told his son that he must learn how to maintain himself—and could not bear the idea of sending him away to school.

In fact, very few people understood his character at all. To have appreciated it properly would have required a philosopher. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the old gentleman was, that with all this, he believed himself rather a severe, unamiable character than otherwise, and only consoled himself with the reflection that he did his duty.

From the office of Limp, he took his way to the house of Captain Balder Dash, R.N.; but he found that that officer was on board his ship, the "Pestilent." It was a great exercising day there.

It was not without difficulty that Mr. Carisford managed to get on board that distinguished vessel, the interior of which presented the appearance of an Inquisition torture-room, from the number of hideous instruments of destruction assembled together in it. There was the eighty-four pounder, and the thirty-two pounder, and the carronade, and the long eighteen pounder, and blunt cutlasses that bruise, and sharp cutlasses that gash, and tomahawks that crunch into the brain, and boarding-pikes that run through a man with any thrust that is at all scientific. Then there were grapeshot, lying together in bacchanalian bunches —fine fruit for the devil's wine-press—and "*such* stuff for clearing an upper deck," as a warlike little gunnery lieutenant (who was never in action in his life, by the bye) told him; and there were deafening explosions going on, and cries of "Run out!" "Load!" "Stop the vent!" so that old Carisford, a quiet peaceful gentleman, felt quite certain that if a whole French fleet was in the neighbourhood with hostile intentions, there would very soon be an end of it, and no mistake, and, indeed, began to feel rather bloodthirsty himself.

After watching the proceedings for some time, he began to grow surprised that his son was not visible. He had not, when he first reached the deck, made any inquiry after him; for it was a favourite plan with this old gentleman, to excite that sensation among those whom he visited which is known as an "agreeable surprise" by courtesy—but which, in reality, is often anything but agreeable. Thus he had once or twice dropped upon his friends at times when they least wished to be seen by anybody; and had not unfrequently "agreeably surprised" his son in the enjoyment of calm dissipation among a select circle.

He now asked a young midshipman whether Mr. Carisford was on board, a question which excited a smile, quickly suppressed, and an answer of—"I don't know, sir, I'm sure," delivered with an air which excited his curiosity. But the midshipman he had spoken to slipped away immediately, with a handful of tubes in his fist for the use of the guns, before he could ask him any other question.

He then determined to go and speak to Captain Balder Dash himself, to whom he had once been introduced. As he advanced aft on the quarter-deck, he saw that that commander was surrounded by a number of officers, whom he was addressing with much formality. Approaching to catch something of the flow of eloquence, he heard these words—"Yes, gentlemen, subordination is the pivot on which the service turns!" Mr. Carisford remarked that there was a frightful emotion visible on the countenances of the auditors at these words, arising from a strong struggle, on the part of each, to keep down a laugh.

The fact was, that this rhetorical figure of the pivot was the one solitary trope in Captain Balder Dash's intellectual coffers. He was a vain man, and liked to make speeches—a dull one, and consequently made stupid ones—a pompous man, and therefore his delivery was ridiculous. He was constantly spouting to his midshipmen, and on every occasion this solitary *flosculus* of oratory, the pivot, made its appearance. It required great self-command to refrain from laughter, it must be confessed, when the familiar sentence was uttered. Yet, Balder Dash never omitted, never varied it. It was his one image, and he venerated it with the most servile idolatry. Its ludicrous effect at last became something overwhelming. As the speeches of Demosthenes against Philip gave the generic title of Philippic to all assailant orations, so, the pivot speeches gave the title of "pivots" to all dull quarter-deck homilies. Midshipmen did not say—"We shall have a speech to-day." It was—"Dash will give us a pivot." In the "Pestilent's" gunroom, the "Pivot-gun at sea" (the work of some mind of a literary turn) became a popular song. Anecdotes of Balder Dash were called *pivotiana*. The word "Cardigan" applied to an empty bottle was not more common than pivot.

Mr. Carisford soon found that he had some interest in the pivot that was going on that day. He heard his name mentioned. When it was over, he accosted

Balder Dash, with a view to make inquiries about his son.

Now, the captain of the "Pestilent" was not generally inattentive to the parents of midshipmen in his ship, particularly if they were members of parliament, or lords. With regard to the latter, indeed, we may remark that his sagacity in detecting latent merit in the son of a great or influential person was as remarkable—as what? well, his dulness in other matters generally, let us say. It has been known, that midshipmen of such fortunate parentage have joined the "Pestilent" with a six or eight years' reputation for well tried dulness and lack of promise of any kind; yet, after they have been there a short time, Captain Balder Dash has "felt it his duty,"—has been goaded, in fact, by his conscience—to recommend them for instant promotion to the Admiralty, as luminaries of genius and models of conduct. On this occasion, he assumed, as Mr. Carisford spoke to him, an air of moral melancholy.

Mr. Carisford, who had just come down to see how his son was getting on, and did not imagine that anything terrible had occurred, was somewhat taken aback by Dash's expression of face. However, he bowed, asked the captain how he was, and then proceeded to inquire whether his son had been conducting himself, of late, to the satisfaction of his superior officers?

"Ah, sir!" said the captain, "I was afraid that you were scarcely prepared for the bad news I have to communicate. Your son, sir, has badly requited your parental kindness." And then, after a few preliminary commonplaces of the consolatory turn (and the use of the pivot figure), he went on to inform Mr. Carisford that his son (a youth, he must say, of considerable abilities), had obtained permission to go on shore one evening, and had not returned. That about the same period, another midshipman then in the ship, Mr. Chilton, had forwarded a despatch to the Admiralty, saying that family affairs required him to abandon the service, and had obtained his discharge. That also one Mr. Pereira, just at that time appointed to the "Booby" brig, had peremptorily declined to join that vessel, and that the whole of these youths were believed to have sailed together in a schooner.

"Oh, indeed!" said Mr. Carisford, with great composure—the old gentleman had a notion that he was a complete Brutus—"then I am to understand that my son is a deserter, sir?"

"Why, sir," replied the captain, with a quiet air, "strictly, perhaps, he may be so described; but in these times——"

"These times, sir! I apprehend that her Majesty's navy is still under the articles of war, as confirmed, I believe, by an act passed in the reign of George the Third?"

"Oh, most certainly, sir!" said Dash with great promptness. He was a rigid disciplinarian, as we have seen, and pricked up his ears at the words "articles of war," like a war-horse at the sound of the trumpet.

"Very good—very good," said Mr. Carisford, with the air of a man who feels that he has a painful duty to perform, but has made up his mind to it. "May I ask what steps you have taken in the matter?"

"I wrote to the Admiralty, informing them of the circumstance; but have received nothing further in reply than an acknowledgment of the receipt of the information."

"Just like the Whigs—just like that miserable faction," said the old gentleman, while the captain's face assumed an appearance of terror, and he looked round to see if the blasphemy had reached the ears of anybody; for he was always a Whig—*when the Whigs were in*—was the high principled Captain Balder Dash.

"The punishment for desertion is hanging, I believe?" inquired the bereaved parent, with a business-like air.

"Yes, sir," answered Dash, opening his eyes.

"Just so—just so! Do they hang offenders at the starboard, or the larboard yard arm?"

Dash opened his eyes still wider at this question; but Mr. Carisford looked perfectly serious; and as Dash's perception of the ludicrous—like that of all pompous men—was by no means keen, he did not consider the inquiry very ridiculous. He, in fact, began to esteem Mr. Carisford more highly, as a man who had the most correct notions of discipline, and answered him—"The larboard, generally, sir," with considerable respect.

"Thank you—very good!" said his companion; and he proceeded to pull out a pocket book, in which he entered the words "hanging—larboard yard arm—desertion—eight in the morning," with great minuteness, crossing the t's very formally, and ornamenting the page with a small flourish at the bottom.—"You will be surprised at my coolness, sir," he said; "it is principle. Our duties are the first consideration—our affections merely secondary. I may be stern, sir, harsh—but my conscience acquits me. Good morning!" On which he moved to the gangway to go on shore in a boat, declining an invitation from Captain Dash to stay a little while, and see an experiment with a conical bomb-shell, of improved construction, warranted to blow off the roof of a house on the most correct principles. Neither could he be tempted to stay to inspect a curious instrument of the grenade *genus*, so compounded of diabolical ingredients as to emit, when ignited, a pestiferous odour that would drive enemies from the lower decks of their ships, out into daylight, at any risk, and consequently make them good marks for shot.

Perhaps it was as well that he did not wait to see any of Balder Dash's ingenious experiments; for it so happened, that a report having arrived in England not long before, that a shell, supplied from the "Pestilent," had exploded in the hands of a bombardier in a war steamer, killing him and two other men "most unexpectedly," as her captain pathetically stated—it so happened, we say, that after Mr. Carisford's departure, Dash determined to prove the absurdity of such assertions about the "Pestilent's" shells—ordered one to be brought up from the shell-room for examination, the result of which was, that *it* exploded also, killing a man, whose widow went, in due course, to the workhouse.

Old Mr. Carisford went on shore to his hotel, full of the most rigid notions of discipline. He was determined that his son should be an example to all posterity; he would insist on the Admiralty's pursuing him, and bringing him to justice. These were not times for lenient examples. The bonds of public order were loosened; society was threatened with dissolution. (The old gentleman had not recovered the Reform Bill.) Having established himself, *pro tem.*, in an hotel at Portsmouth, he wrote off to his wife, telling her of her son's exploit, and recommending her and the girls to bear the event with firmness, and to be prepared for the catastrophe, to the infinite amusement of the whole of them. He next wrote a long letter to the Admiralty, dividing the subject into three heads,—glancing at the past state of the navy, urging on them to carry out the laws provided for the punishment of deserters, and demanding back, at all events, the son whom he had entrusted to them, which he enforced as coolly as if he were requesting back a carpet-bag that he had committed to their care.

To this communication, he received, in reply, a very big letter, with very little in it, the pith and substance of which was, that his son had chosen to leave the service, and there was an end of it. And when he followed up his first letter by another, which he esteemed a model of stately declamation, and which he had imitated from his favourite author, Burke, the answer was, that "their lordships had nothing to add to their former communication," which, in one point of view, ought to have been satisfactory, for their former communication had been dull and insolent enough, by itself.

He next went on to make inquiries after his son everywhere where he had been known; but this was rather a losing game, as it soon appeared. "Did you know young Mr. Carisford, of the 'Pestilent,' sir?" said he, to Mr. Ruffles, the tailor.

"Oh dear, yes, sir," replied the polished trader. "I have had the pleasure of furnishing him with many little articles," and out came the youth's bill!

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE "BABOON" ON THE COAST.

Some months have passed since the "Baboon" left Patras; and here we may state, by the bye, just to dismiss Captain Gunne, of the "Orson," in a regular manner, that that officer, after her departure, took it into his head that Mr. Mango's yacht must be the pirate in disguise (it will be remembered that Mango had not asked him to dinner), and subjected that harmless traveller to a great deal of annoyance.

He was soon taught what a mistake he had made; and though he attempted very zealously to soothe the victim, he was quite unsuccessful. He even visited his vessel in full uniform, to apologize, hoping that his cocked hat would produce an impression; but Mr. Mango was a peace-theory and financial-reform man, who held men of war in abhorrence; so, telling the captain that he was sorry such blunders should be made—not for his own sake, in this case, far from it, but because the toiling millions had to pay the men who made them, he bowed him over the side.

And now we return to the "Baboon," no longer floating on the sunny waves of the Mediterranean—no longer dropping her anchor among the purple seaweed and glittering sand at the bottom of its bays—no longer perfumed by the gales from its lemon groves. Farewell to the olive and the vine; and hurrah for the scorching sun of Western Africa—the deadly dews, and the slave cargo!

It was on a fine morning—hot, of course, but not particularly disagreeable—that the "Baboon" descried Cape Verd on the larboard bow. They pursued their way southward, and in a few days held themselves in readiness to meet an English cruiser.

"Well," said Chilton, one day about noon, "except a somewhat increased heat, which rather creates a grateful thirst than otherwise, I do not find much difference between this and the more civilized parts of the world."

"And, thanks to our brief stay at Madeira," said Carisford, "we need not care about thirst much, just yet."

"We shall see, all in good time," said Pereira.

Dobbs did not make any observation at the moment; but he drew his silk handkerchief from his pocket, and wiped the heavy drops of perspiration from his brow; he then gave a loud sigh, and sat down on the gratings abaft—all which movements implied that he did not consider the present state of affairs so agreeable as the others seemed to do.

Chilton laughed in an encouraging manner. "Ah, Dobbs!" he said, "when you know this coast a little better, you will value every drop of perspiration, as if it were a drop of your heart's blood."

"How is that?" asked the king.

"Why, you see, it's when the head's hot and the skin dry that the danger impends. When I was in the West Indies for a twelvemonth, I used to examine my wrist every morning: if there was a little perspiration on it, I considered myself all right; if it was dry, I took a jorum of hot rum and water, rolled myself round in a couple of blankets, and lay down on the lockers in the berth."

"Did you know Hicksly in the West Indies?" inquired Carisford.

"To be sure. I was there at the period of his great adventure."

"Which great adventure, though? Do you mean his going for a ride inland, somewhere, in his clerk's uniform, passing himself off for a general officer, reviewing the Spanish troops, and expressing himself highly satisfied with their appearance and efficiency?"

There was a general laugh at this characteristic anecdote of Hicksly, who was known as a very boozy clerk, R.N., from Baffin's Bay to Canton.

"No," said Chilton; "I mean another performance of the old boy's. He went on shore without leave—but with a couple of bottles of brandy—from the "Spigot" schooner, and was found two days afterwards, in a state of *delirium tremens*, in a family vault."

With such light anecdotes they were beguiling the time, when from the mast head (where our friends always kept a look-out man, in regular man-of-war fashion) they heard the expected announcement of "a sail!" It created some considerable excitement on board—for they were now, as they got southward, in daily expectation of falling in with an English cruiser.

The "Baboon" was now running free, with a light breeze, in smooth water, and making a peculiar chirping noise as she clove through it—and rolled gently and regularly, like the movement of a cradle, from one side to another. The stranger was a point or two away on the starboard bow; and as her tall white canvas rose above the blue line of the horizon, all square, neat, and ship-shape, it became evident that she was a man-of-war. She was close hauled on the larboard tack, beating against the wind, which was bringing the "Baboon" down towards her.

As the distance between them lessened, they saw from the "Baboon" that she was a brig. Her hull was painted black, with red port-sills ; her copper was very dirty and very green. She looked enormously over masted—her topsails were patched—her foremast evidently fished. She seemed to have one anchor missing, and altogether had the appearance of a craft that had seen a great deal of service on the coast, and had better be sent home by an intelligent Admiralty, as soon as possible.

The breeze freshened, and the "Baboon" drew nearer and nearer to her. The Society, with Mr. M'Mizen, assembled at the bow, and watched her carefully. But the man-of-war appeared to take no notice whatever of the "Baboon," and held on as before.

"There's some dodge in that, you may depend," said Chilton, taking the glass from his eye. "What do you suppose she carries, M'Mizen ?"

"Thirty-two pound carronades," said the master, "wi,' not improbably, two long twenty-fours amidships. Faith, *she's* no a sma' merchant brig frae the Levant, and ye had better play nae games wi' her, or ye'll find yersel in Abraham's bosom afore lang." And with these words, accompanied by a sarcastic look, that was even more impressive, Mr. M'Mizen turned round to perform some nautical work, and left the youths staring at each other in astonishment.

"Bravo, Mr. M'Mizen !" cried Chilton, good-humouredly ; "no fear of us. But now we'll see what the brig is thinking about." And rapidly giving the necessary instructions, sail was shortened, and the "Baboon" hauled her wind, and braced sharp up on the starboard tack, apparently with a view to making off to windward.

No sooner had she done so, in fact, the instant after, the man-of-war was in stays. She was about in a twinkling, and as her sails filled, she run a gun out of her bow-port, and sent a shot flying past the "Baboon," which made the water jump as if a whale had spouted; and, what was more, the instant after the explosion, the youths in the "Baboon" heard the rammer ring in the discharged gun, with a noise most alarmingly and appropriately like somebody tapping with a hammer in a vault. There was nothing for it, so the "Baboon" lay to, like a lamb awaiting the slaughter, and, at the same time, hoisted a white ensign at the peak. Then, the brig backed her main-topsail, and the Baboonites heard the shrill pipe which called away a boat's crew.

"Now," said Chilton, "we must do the respectable; and we shall have an opportunity of seeing what kind of fellows are produced by the coast service." He then ordered a line to be got ready for the man-of-war's boat.

"In bow rowed of all!" was heard from it, and in another minute the officer jumped on board the "Baboon," where he was received by Chilton, who bowed with much formality, though he felt very much inclined to laugh at his appearance.

This representative of her Britannic Majesty was a midshipman, apparently about sixteen years of age, excessively sunburnt, with very black hair, and a general appearance, in fact, which suggested the notion that he was degenerating under the wholesome influence of the Coast into a kind of animal somewhat resembling its aboriginal natives—as a breed of sheep, they say, acquires in time something of the look of the goat in hot climates. His uniform, too, showed most distinctly that he had been a long time a crusader against the slave trade. The colour of the gold lace on his cap had waned into paleness. There was an autumnal look about the blue of his jacket, and the buttons on it exhibited traces of tar. His coarse white duck trousers were rather dirty, and the same remark may be extended to the duck shoes which he wore, as suiting the climate. The general effect of his look and bearing altogether was impudence idealized. In a schoolboy it would have been mere impudence, but in him, experience, danger, and thought, elevated it into something higher. He looked something between a gipsy that read Byron, and a Delaware Indian who wrote sonnets.

Almost at the same moment that he reached the deck, six of the boat's crew jumped up after him, some over the gangway, and some through the nearest port-hole. Every man of them had a cutlass. They took up a scientific position, not exactly offensive, but suggestive of immediate readiness to act in any way that might be advisable.

The midshipman came up to Chilton, who, not showing the slightest surprise or the least disposition to make any resistance, was coolly smoking a cigar, and had on a fez, with a long tassel of blue silk, which he had purchased in the East. "Now, my good man," said the midshipman, very coolly, "what's the name of your craft? what's the tonnage? what's *your* name? how long are you from the Havannah? when did you see the Daintie Davie last? Come, we are rather in a hurry, for we expect some chaps of your kidney hereabouts, and there's no time to loose." So saying, the youth playfully drew his sword, and began digging the point of it into the seams of the deck, where the pitch had begun to melt and run like black sealing-wax.

"Why," began Chilton, imitating the coolness of the interrogator, "this is the yacht 'Baboon,' belonging to Mr. Dobbs, who, I am sure, is excessively happy to make your acquaintance." Here he directed his attention to the perspiring Dobbs, who bowed. "We are from Madeira, whither we came from Gibraltar, after a cruise up the Straits. Our object here is amusement—"

"Oh, indeed!" cried the youth; "this is a new move. Here, Jenkins!" and his coxswain came up to him; "come down below, with those half a dozen hands—we'll search you, my man!" And so saying, he marched below, followed by his boat's crew, excepting a few who were left on deck to look out there.

The midshipman led the way down into the cabin, in the first instance. Then they examined every part of the vessel, routing out even M'Mizen's berth, to his extreme disgust, and then the midshipman asked for the papers.

Chilton brought unimpeachable documents.

The youth shook his head musingly. "'Gad, I'm afraid we can't detain you," and then he looked very hard at Dobbs. "Ah!" he said, "you're the honestest looking thing on board (in which, perhaps, he was right)—you don't look like a slaver, nor do I think you would ever make one;" which favourable observations were perhaps less to be attributed to the honesty of the king's appearance, than to a certain portliness and incapacity before alluded to, which gave the idea of softness to an observer.

When the midshipman had quite satisfied himself that the "Baboon" was all right, he ordered his men into the boat, but betrayed no remarkable hurry to go himself; on the contrary, he took a seat in the cabin, and opened a general conversation with the Society.

It was not to be expected that he could be dismissed without hospitality, so Chilton pulled out from the locker a bottle of Guiness's stout, and one of sherry.

"Well, upon my honour," said the midshipman, "a devilish pleasant life you have of it—why, on board the "Cowslip," our brig, we have not such a thing as this; very little rum, and even a scarcity of water, is our fare in the drinking way. Here's to you!" And with this, he drank off a large glass of sherry and water. "Pleasant, very—let us have a little sugar and nutmeg, and make some sangaree."

"Boat's return hoisted, if you please, sir!" said the coxswain of his boat, coming down the companion ladder.

"Like their impudence," rejoined the boy. "Here, Jenkins—give my coxswain a glass of grog, will you? Thank you. Now, Jenkins, go and hoist the all right signal in the boat. Now," continued he, resuming his conversation, "what are you fellows going to do with your yacht?"

"Well, we don't quite know," Carisford answered; "put down the slave trade, I suppose; that's our best plan, isn't it?"

"Put down the trade winds while you are about it! I have been three years out here, putting down the slave trade; and we have put down some forty of our crew—to say nothing of a lieutenant and the purser. Why, as long as one man wants to sell, and another wants to buy, the produce remaining abundant at the same time, who the deuce is to stop it, any more than any other trade? If people could sell their wives in England for a considerable profit, do you suppose they wouldn't do it?"

"Well, I can't answer as to that," Carisford said. "Who's governor of Sierra Leone now?"

"'Gad! that's hard to say. Old Sir George Barracoon is under the mulberry, by this time, I have no doubt."

"Under the mulberry?" said Chilton, inquiringly, while Dobbs grew a little pale.

"Yes. You see, all the governors are buried under a mulberry tree, feet in, heads out, forming the *radii* of a circle, of which the tree is the centre. Something in the *sub tegmine fagi* line, I suppose you may call it."

"Who's your commander on board the brig?" asked Chilton, as familiarity with this eccentric specimen of the blockading squadron began to increase.

"Our commander? Bibbin, sir; the great Bibbin! blind of one eye, and imported here at an enormous expense by her Majesty's government."

"Will he put down the slave trade, think you?" Carisford said, with a laugh.

"No. But I am not without hopes that the slave trade may put down Bibbin; in which case there will be a chance of my getting made an acting lieutenant, and perhaps getting the command of the brig. Bless you, I'm his right-hand man! He doesn't know a slaver from a palm oiler; and hasn't got as much brains as a cocoa nut!"

Here the coxswain of his boat came again down the ladder. "Please, sir, the boat's return's up again, and we had better be off to the brig; she's dropped half a mile to leeward of us."

"Never you mind, Jenkins; wait till I come up. You see," he continued, "I say unto the man do, and he doeth it. A beautiful thing is discipline—and so is sangaree. Mr. Dobbs, the nutmeg grater, if you please!"

There was a glance interchanged between our friends, as this free and easy young gentleman proceeded to make himself at home; and a decided start followed it, as the sound of a gun made the glasses jump upon the table. Overhead there was a noise heard; and M'Mizen came down this time, and announced that the man-of-war's boat had shoved off without her officer.

Proceeding on deck, they found that such was actually the case.

"I see," cried the midshipman: "the brig's after a stranger!"

And so it was. There was a strange craft running in towards the African coast. The brig waited a few minutes, while her boat came alongside, bore up, and then cracked on every inch of sail, and made after her.

The midshipman who had been left behind, meanwhile watched every movement with the greatest anxiety from the "Baboon."—"What's your best point of sailing?" he inquired, from Chilton.

"Well; I'm not sure. Going free, I think."

"Ah, then, that will do! Crack after her! for you see, if that's a slaver, I shan't get my share of the prize money, unless I'm on board my ship at the capture!"

"Indeed!" said Dobbs, who appeared rather surprised at the coolness with which he treated the matter.

"No. So just crack on, will you. Have you anything in the gunnery line on board?"

And so the "Baboon" was put under a press of canvas, and made all sail to join the man-of-war brig. She had reached considerably on the stranger, and had commenced firing at her.

The midshipman seized a telescope, and looked very anxiously at her, uttering little exclamations, such as —"Pish!" "Psha!" and others of a more striking description, at every shot.

"What are you looking for?" asked Dobbs.

"To see the blood running from the scuppers, to be sure! But they haven't hulled her yet. Oh, Bibbin, Bibbin!" continued the youth, "why did you commence chasing without having me on board?"

The brig still continued firing, and at last one or two shot took effect, and the stranger hove to. A boat was sent to her; and they saw it return to the "Cowslip," and the stranger stood on, as before.

"What's the meaning of that?" asked Chilton. "Your craft is not detaining her—how's that?"

"Why, I suppose, she has not got slaves on board, that's it. But Bibbin will keep his eye upon her. We can seize her when she loads, you know."

The "Baboon" then neared the "Cowslip," which sent a boat for the midshipman, who, on parting, said —"Well, good-bye, you fellows! You had better follow us, and see how we'll tackle the slaver when he gets his cargo on board!"

And now the stranger held right on towards the African coast; after her, warily watching, came the man-of-war brig; and on the green sea, in the track behind them both, gleamed the white canvas of the schooner "Baboon," light and delicate, the knight errant of the sea!

The day was declining, and as it grew darker, thick heavy mists gathered in the sky, and black dropsical clouds hung portentous in the air. And then came a sudden squall, which made the waters hiss and gleam, and a torrent of rain fell, in heavy drops, like lead, pattering on the water, and angry bubbles broke out, ulcers upon ocean's face. Sunset came, but its period could not be exactly marked; the sun was lost amongst the clouds that gathered round his setting—like misortunes round a good man's death-bed; and after he nk, the wind still increased; but the grey twilight ade objects visible, and the stranger was seen, carryng on every stitch of possible sail. The brig spared no inch of canvas; the storms and clouds of heaven did not threaten her more constantly than she threatened the object of her pursuit.

Meanwhile the "Baboon" followed through the flashing water. Her adventurers were assembled on the deck to watch, when suddenly, to windward, rose a giant body of water—dread offspring of ocean in the whirlwind's embrace—Titan child of the labouring sea! the terror of the deep embodied—the water spout! It moved along, whirling in its might, with its head among the clouds.

"What do you say to that?" said Chilton, slapping Dobbs on the back.

"Great God!" he exclaimed.

"Pooh, my dear fellow, see how easily it's destroyed!" and, in another moment, a musket was fired by one of the crew, and the mighty stranger, that moved as if it had a soul, burst into a lump of water, and perished in a thousand eddies.

As he spoke, a roar of thunder was heard, and chasing echoes reverberated round the sky. A pause, and lightning burst out from the black clouds, and for a moment they gleamed with a network of fire. Then there was observed a bright glare of blue sulphuric light from the man-of-war brig. It cast a ghastly radiance over her canvas; it flashed, reflected from her guns; it lighted up her dark hull; it glittered in the sea below her. What is that which it reveals? Land!

The three vessels were approaching a bay, with long low shores. The stranger went in first and anchored;

then followed the "Cowslip," and last of all the "Baboon."

As Chilton and his friends ran into the anchorage, they heard the bell on board the "Cowslip" strike twice. It marked nine in the evening. As soon as they had anchored, a boat again came from the "Cowslip," with the same midshipman that they had seen.

"You see," he said, "I have come to borrow a dozen of that porter from you. We are in a terrible state on board—short allowance of everything; and I must keep watch all night, for the only other midshipman on board is laid up, and somebody must look after that strange brig. We cannot touch her until she actually has slaves on board; and we think it deuced likely that she'll ship them before daylight."

They gave him what he wanted, and in a few minutes' more conversation that they had with him, they learned that the brig was in a very bad plight altogether. She had anchored then with a hemp cable, the only one she had left, and she had sprung the fore topsail yard before coming in.

One hour passed away in perfect silence. No movement was made on board the strange vessel—a brig, by the bye. The regular cry of the sentry on board the "Cowslip," the gleam of a lantern, and the movement of a figure abaft, showed that a strict look-out was kept there. Nothing was heard from the shore but the waves dashing on the beach. But still the night was stormy; still lightning gleamed, and thunder rolled, far away in the sky, as if there was being carried on there with weapons of modern warfare, the old battle between the Titans and the gods.

Another hour passed away. Chilton was left alone on deck. The wind was still increasing, and every now and then, the "Baboon" gave a sharp jerk at her cable, as she rode head to wind against the rolling waves. M'Mizen came up to him from below, and suggested that he should turn in, and let him look out.

"No, no, M'Mizen," answered Chilton: "I'll stay on deck with you. I can't sleep on such a night."

"Such a night!" echoed M'Mizen; "ay, sir—

'That night, a child might understand,
The deil had business in his hand,'—

as Burns says."

"Well, I don't know what business could be more appropriate for him than loading a slaver; I imagine that's what the strange brig will be about presently."

"Weel, sir, we dinna a' belong to the elect, and though a man live withoot grace, he canna live withoot siller," and with this reflection, the Scotchman walked forward to the bows and lighted a pipe.

Chilton, thus left by himself, commenced walking about on the grating that was raised abaft, and gazed out upon the scene. The stranger was lying between the "Baboon" and the man-of-war, but nearer the shore, or in naval parlance, inside both, so that Chilton could see the man-of-war across his bows. The night was still very stormy, and the wind set dead on to the shore, so as to impose the necessity of beating out, under great difficulties, upon any of the craft which wanted to sail. But Chilton saw that the strange brig—though her topgallant masts were down, in consequence of the bad weather—had the topsail yards hoisted, so that the sails could be loosed and sheeted home in a moment. He could see, however, no signs of motion on board her. He grew tired—his eyes ached with straining to pierce through the dusk; he was wearied with pacing the narrow walk on the grating; he sat down upon it, and huddled himself up in the corner, in his pilot coat. It might have been five minutes, it might have been two hours, he could not fix the period which had elapsed—but he felt a sudden sensation, as if some one had seized him by the throat, and their hot breath was steaming on his face! He sprang up. He had been asleep, and the collar of the large coat he had on being turned up, his breathing had been impeded by it, and the sensation had been thus produced; he tore it away, gasping for air, and the strong wind rushing, refreshed him. But he was thoroughly awakened from his incautious slumber by the accident, and again he strained his eyes in looking out. And now he saw a gleam start for a moment on the beach, flashing and vanishing like the wandering light on a morass. Still, all was quiet on board the stranger—all was quiet too in the man-of-war, whose figure stood out dark and spectral through the night gloom, like a yew tree in a churchyard.

Chilton went below, struck a light in the cabin, lighted a lantern and proceeded to call Carisford and the other two. They assembled very quickly and silently round the table. Chilton brought out an ingenious *cafetière* that they had for producing coffee in a few minutes, lighted the spirits of wine, and they soon had some cups of that cheering beverage, which, whether to student, soldier, sportsman, or seaman, is the most vivifying cup in the world. "Now," he said, "I think the brig is going to load. Carisford, you and I will drop on shore and see the job. Let the man-of-war look out for herself."

The "Baboon" had a boat on the stern davits, something between a dingy and a cutter. Into this Chilton and Carisford climbed, over the stern, and arranged the gear, while Dobbs and Pereira stood by to lower away with the tackles. Dobbs let her go by the run a few feet at his end to begin with, which very nearly precipitated Carisford into the sea.

"Steady, steady," said Chilton, in a loud undertone; "lower together!" And then, there was a grunting noise heard, as the tackle-falls went through the sheave holes; then a splash, as the boat plumped into the water. In a moment, they cast off the falls in the boat, out oars, and turned her head to the beach.

"Pull, Car, pull!" called Chilton, as a big wave came roaring up to the stern, and sent the little boat flying like a feather. "By Jove, how nearly we were swamped!"

They hoisted a sail, and flew before it, the stormy water dashing alongside the boat, as if the sea was licking its lips preparatory to making a gobble of it. On, on it went: as it approached the beach, a large wave caught it—and shooting it forward with a rush, struck it on the shingle. It capsized—the mast went by the board, and Chilton and Carisford struggled through the surf, and gained their legs on the beach, drenched through and through, just in time to see the little boat floating, bottom up, some way off.

It was still dark—not one gleam of the tropical daylight was yet wandering through space, and only a few stars peeped every now and then from the chinks in the stormy sky. Our two friends wandered along the beach, in the direction where Chilton had seen the gleam of light. The country around was flat and sandy, with thick spots of sombre bushwood dotted over it. As they approached to that part of the shore opposite the strange brig—a tedious journey, for the distance was considerable—they saw lights glancing again and again; and presently, voices broke upon their ears, and the murmur of a river. Advancing to the spot, they took up a position behind some bushwood; and there they saw by the light of lanterns, such a group as man has never traced on canvas, with colours, though often enough on earth, with blood—a hideous spectacle, combining the two worst aspects of our English Smithfield—when crowded with beasts for sale, and when lighted by the fires of martyrs.

Near the banks of one of those rivers which bring down from the loathsome heart of Africa the children which she sells to the stranger, the slavers were shipping their cargo. Fastened together in knots, each man numbered like a lot at an auction—exhausted from travel, mad with thirst, and worn with disease—the victims were being stowed in boats, till they formed dense piles of human agony. By the light of the lanterns which the brig's men, huge, swarthy-complexioned villains, carried, Chilton and Carisford could distinctly see the marks of blood on the slaves' limbs, the clotted paste of mingled dust and blood formed on their sores, and the foam that streaked their faces.

And it seemed, too, from the number, that the work of shipping must have been going on for some time before they arrived. The utmost hurry was made; every moment resounded the noise of the lash—and once, a loud yell and a splash told that a boat had capsized, and given its cargo to the waves.

The day began to break—the last load was shipped. Chilton and Carisford were lying flat on the ground, and perfectly motionless, in the place where they had been watching, when suddenly they heard a loud noise close to them; some dark object hovered above them—they started with a cry. The object clashed upwards. There was a whirring of wings like thunder, and far into the air, they saw a vulture rise!

"By G—!" cried Carisford. "Do you see that fellow? *He took us for dead niggers!* Oh, shade of Brummell, has my appearance come to such a pitch as that?"

"Hush, old fellow," said Chilton, with a laugh—for there is a very narrow boundary between the terrible and the ludicrous, as *Tam o' Shanter* most splendidly exemplifies. "Come along!"

So they retraced their way along the beach, towards the point where they had landed from the "Baboon," looking through the grey misty twilight of the morning to see what was going on in the bay. They had now no power of influencing events, for their boat was lost; so they remained on the beach, and watched to see what the man-of-war would do.

The reader must keep in mind that at this period the men-of-war employed in the African blockade had no authority to touch a slave ship, unless she actually had slaves on board. On this occasion, therefore, it was quite natural that the commander of the "Cowslip" should wait till the brig was loaded—for then alone had he the power to interfere. What he had been doing all night, what resolutions he had formed, &c., must be gathered from the conclusion of the narrative.

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As the day gradually broke, our two friends on the beach saw the misty outlines of the slaver and the man-of-war in the same relative positions which they had occupied on the previous night. The wind, which had been high, was increasing; the swollen waters rose and broke more angrily still.

"What's that boat doing?" asked Carisford, pointing to a boat that was hovering near the bows of the "Cowslip."

It was difficult to distinguish objects in the light, as yet; but still they could perceive that there was a boat moving in a very suspicious manner, near the man-of-war's bows. It moved ahead—then retreated; at last it made a dart at the bow. Then there was a flash from the musket of the sentry on the forecastle, which showed that there was an alarm raised on board. Almost at the same moment the man-of-war drifted; her head veered away from the wind; she moved bodily and all adrift towards the lee shore. The boat was seen pulling away for life and death, and the slaver's canvas spread to the wind—*she was under way.*

"I see!" cried Chilton. "The slaver's boat has cut the 'Cowslip's' cable!"

Now came the struggle. The "Cowslip" was drifting on shore; her yards and rigging swarmed with men loosing sails, for she had no anchor left to bring up with. Presently her canvas struggled in the wind—she gained a little way—she began to move and creep through the water, close hauled.

Meanwhile, the slaver stretched on the starboard tack across the bay. Bang went a shot from the man-of-war. It played ducks and drakes across the waves, and plunged and sunk just at the "Baboon's" bows.

The slaver passed close to her, guessing that the "Cowslip" would not like to run the risk of hitting the yacht. How Chilton and Carisford felt the blood dance in lively rills in their veins, as they stood on the beach, and in the keen breeze of the morning, watched the exciting game.

"Now comes the rub," cried Chilton, as the slaver tacked, with the obvious intention of crossing the "Baboon's" bows, and fetching out of the bay. She was about, her yards braced sharp up, tacks down, and everything.

"The 'Cowslip's' in stays!" said Carisford.

And so it was. The "Cowslip" began to turn to the wind, with every inch of her white canvas fluttering like the plumage of a frightened bird. But she had not had way enough on; she paused—backed; the waters eddied round her. She yawed wildly, and struck once—twice—a third time; and then heeled over, and displayed her green copper. She was hard and fast, and they began to shorten sail.

The slaver, meantime, dashed along, hoisting, in sarcastic triumph, a small negro at the peak. But a farewell shot from the man-of-war cut away her fore-topmast.

Half-an-hour afterwards, Chilton and Carisford had got on board the "Baboon," and she was chasing the crippled vessel, while the "Cowslip" was still hard and fast on shore.

"Now, Dobbs," said Chilton to the king, "we are going to *burst a blood vessel*, or in other words, to blow up a slaver. Hands, make sail, and let us pull foot, before the villain shifts his wounded spar!"

No sooner said than done. All sail was made—and our self-constituted knight-errant of the sea pushed forward to deliver the imprisoned Africans from the bonds of their enslavers!

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE KING'S REALMS EXTENDED.

WHY did Dobbs experience a little difficulty in swallowing his potted beef that morning at breakfast? Why did his fat fingers shake as they raised a glass of sherry to his mouth? Why did he glance anxiously at the faces of his young friends, and, turning away his eyes, sigh? Dobbs had pluck; but his first sea fight was approaching—his first, that was the rub; and Dobbs could not help feeling, as he glanced upon his manly proportions, that they would make an alarmingly nice breakfast for a shark. That there were sharks near, there could be no doubt; for there had been seen that morning, under the stern, the bright *tartan coloured* forms of the lively pilot fish.

Our four young friends were at breakfast at eight o'clock, in the cabin. The slaver was far ahead; and the struggle going on was, who should get the windward position. The "Baboon" was weatherly; M'Mizen had the octagon-headed tiller in his hand, and the gallant schooner was jumping through the hissing brine like an amorous young porpoise. There were good prospects then in view, and the Society had come down to breakfast before the chase grew close. Each of them knew that the others were thinking more than they cared to think about the impending danger; and each man tried to conceal any appearance of the sort in himself. Levity was the order of the day.

"For whose benefit are we breakfasting?" remarked Chilton; "our own, or the sharks?"

"Never mind; we'll be a treat to them, after the black fellows."

"A dish of *blanc mange!*" suggested Carisford.

"If you joke in that style, we'll lose the day," said Dobbs, who had some quiet homely superstitions.

"What? is it unlucky to spill attic salt, as well as the ordinary kind?"

"Bravo, Car, you keep your pecker up gloriously," said Chilton. "But, my boys, we've forgot one remark."

"What's that?"

"Why, you see," Chilton continued, drawing attention to the nautical style of their attire, "it's a good thing for the sharks that are to eat us, that we are all dressed *à la matelotte*, which is a capital way."

This was received with a loud laugh, which reached the ears of the sage M'Mizen at the helm, who muttered "puir lads," and gave the tiller a jerk to leeward, which made the fore-topsail shake again in the wind.

"A curious fact!" exclaimed Dobbs, looking up suddenly from a pocket-book which he had been looking into.

"What's the matter?"

"Why, this is the anniversary of our leaving England!"

"The deuce it is! Well, we will keep it up gloriously," said Chilton. "And now to clear away for action."

As he spoke, they went up on deck. The breeze was still rioting in exercise, and the waves rolling wildly, but the slaver was still to windward. He was under all sail, and displayed at the peak of his boom mainsail the gaudy colours of Spain.

But there was a sight on the deck of the "Baboon" which Dobbs had never witnessed till that morning. Four beautiful eighteen pounders of the latest construction, "Mantons" of artillery, in fact, met his eye: their appointments were perfectly new. In fact, the whole deck of the vessel exhibited the very dandyism of war, full as it was of elegant weapons, boarding pikes as handsome as fishing rods, and tomahawks that would have adorned a drawing-room, and shamed the bright eyes there, too, with their gleam. All these things had been procured with the money of Dobbs's uncle, the industrious Mr. Forrester; they had been brought on board by stealth in fitting out, and kept below concealed, till they were wanted. And now their hour was come.

Chilton then held a council with Dobbs and the others; and it was agreed to call all hands. The crew made their appearance—men whose aspect did justice to Chilton's judgment in selecting them; fellows whose muscular forms and keen eyes proclaimed the activity and courage which make men conquerors in war, and rich in peace. And now, as the great historians of antiquity usually prefix the speeches of the generals to their accounts of each battle (it being understood that the speeches are usually those of the historian himself), so the present historian of King Dobbs thinks it right to give Chilton's speech on this occasion to the men. They were summoned aft, when that young warrior, as representative of the king, is said to have addressed them in this fashion, or as Tacitus would say, *in hunc modum locutus fertur.**

"Men of the 'Baboon!' Your warlike appearance upon this occasion, proves that you have formed no false estimate of the character of the individuals who employ you. You are all obviously aware that this is no ordinary yacht, peopled by idlers (an ironical grin from M'Mizen), but a vessel sailing with noble objects and lofty purposes, like that which bore Jason to Colchis, or Miltiades to the Chersonese! How have you been treated on board? Has your grog been weak, or the supply of it scanty? (loud cheers). Have you not been permitted to go on shore whenever you thought proper? Have you been employed in degrading occupations? No! Show, then, on this occasion, that you are worthy of the 'Baboon,' and assist in throwing up the hatches of yonder vessel, and setting the captives free! Are my friends and I likely to deceive you? No! By those who fell at Navarino! By the men that sleep off Trafalgar—"

Chilton was rattling out this imitation of Demosthenes with great zeal, when he received an awkward interruption, for a shot from the slaver, the skipper of which began to think that it was time to take active measures, struck the sea close to the yacht, and made the water dash in his face. "To your quarters!" he cried; and the men occupied their guns with the greatest activity.

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* Vit. Agric., cap. 29.

It was resolved very quickly by the Baboonites, that the best game to play at first, would be a distant one; and to this Dobbs most heartily agreed. The reason of it was this. The guns of the "Baboon" were of the latest construction, and capable of a very distant range, while Carisford's long service in the "Pestilent" had enabled him to acquire such a degree of skill in gunnery, that he could point a cannon with a nicety required for aiming with a rifle. They accordingly suffered the "Baboon" to drop astern of the flying brig, till it became obvious that *her* guns could not reach. Splash after splash in the water showed her shot falling short, and finding graves for themselves in the waves; and, from her putting on more sail, it seemed that she thought the chase abandoned, and her escape safe.

Now was the time for Carisford to display his skill. They had one of the guns carefully loaded, and brought forward on the weather bow. The men assembled alongside it, with handspikes, &c.; behind it were assembled the young commanders, in great glee. Carisford having made a calculation of the brig's distance, raised the tangent scale on the gun about a couple of degrees and laying hold of the trigger line, moved back, and proceeded to take aim. "Elevate!—Lower!—Well!"

"How say you?" asked Chilton, after a moment's pause, during which Carisford had been leaning over, with the right knee bent, looking along the sights of the gun.

"Luff!" cried Car.

The man at the helm luffed. The schooner's sail trembled in the wind.

At that moment Carisford fired—"with a turn of the wrist springing up to the safety position on the left," as they say in the navy. The gun gave an angry roar, like a wild beast—the smoke was blown away by the wind, almost immediately—and they distinctly saw from the "Baboon" the shot plunge close under the slaver's quarter.

"Very pretty! very pretty indeed!" said Chilton.

"My hand's not quite in," said Car, modestly, "but I don't think it was bad!"

While he spoke, the men loaded the gun again. The operation was repeated, and this time the shot plunged into the brig's hull. A second trial produced a second hit; and the brig, finding it was a game in which the "Baboon" held all the trumps, and the honours too, tacked, and stood towards her, with a view to coming to close quarters.

But the youths of the "Baboon" were not inclined to lose their vantage ground so soon, and they kept the vessel away, and held off at a modest distance; and every two or three minutes they sent a shot straight into the brig's hull, which made the splinters fly, and the black bulwarks gleam white for a moment.

At last the brig managed to draw nearer them; and then it was that one shot went far to take vengeance on them for the injury they had done to her. Carisford had given up the trigger line of the gun which he had been firing to one of the men. As his successor was leaning over to take aim, (and as he did so, his fine figure—for he was a very handsome man, appeared to great advantage), a shot from the brig struck the mouth of the gun; a solid piece of the iron, about the size of a man's hand, was knocked off, as if shivered by a thunderbolt, from the mutilated cannon. It struck the doomed man who was aiming under the chin, and cut away the front half of his head, so that his face fell, like a mask as it were upon the deck. The body fell across the gun, then slid down upon the bloody planks; and the most awful sight of all was to see it there, struggling in a spasmodic writhing movement, as if in life.

The men lifted the defaced corpse, and, *while it still shook and quivered,* cast it into the sea, while, by a sudden impulse, they exclaimed—"The Lord have mercy upon his soul!" This was the burial service of the slaughtered man, and in another moment his blood was reddening the jaws of a black shark alongside.

Chilton had seen this brief tragedy with horror. He heard a groan near him—he turned and saw Dobbs, who was as pale as death, and was leaning quite sick against the mainmast, with cold sweat on his brow. He approached and took him by the hand, and muttered some words to cheer him.

"Oh God!" said Dobbs, "his blood is on us—look there!" He pointed to the water, where the blood was still to be seen, with many a crimson bubble. At the same moment, the wind fell light, and the schooner lay becalmed in the spot. "The blood clogs us, it will not let us move," he continued; "why should we have left England to find a hell here?"

Chilton brought some brandy, and persuaded him to drink it. Then a breeze sprang up, and the schooner moved through the water; and the men continued loading and firing with increased rapidity, so that the heated guns jumped madly in the violence of their recoil.

The "Baboon" continued to have the advantage in the contest, when suddenly the brig ceased firing. She hove to, but still kept her colours flying. Advantage was taken of the pause to make a short refit on board the schooner. Some ropes that had been shot away were spliced; the decks were sanded; you might see two or three of the old sailors wiping the black sweat from their faces. M'Mizen began to polish his cutlass with a bit of rag, and Carisford busied himself in pipe-claying a blood stain on his white drill trowsers. Meanwhile a tub was brought on deck, and some lime-juice mixed with rum was served out to all. It was a most luxurious breathing time.

"What are they about in the brig? Can you make out?" asked Carisford.

Chilton took the glass, and looked carefully at them. "Why, they're getting a whip in the foreyard. They can't be going to hoist the boats out!"

"No, deuce take it! What's the use of their boats, so long as the breeze holds, and they can't get near us."

"Can they be sinking, think you?"

"No such luck!"

Chilton still kept his eye on the brig, watchfully. He started suddenly—"By heavens!"

"What's the matter?" asked the others, crowding round him.

They were not long held in expectation. The brig filled her main topsail again, then backed her fore topsail—a seaman was observed crawling along her foreyard, and fixing something at the yard arm.

But let us glance at the interior of the slaver, meanwhile, through the magic tube of the novelist. Not to the wretched victims on the slave deck, whose misery had been added to, by several of them having been killed by the schooner's shot, we would direct attention; but we turn our eyes to the savage crew alone, among whom in the hour of battle, mutiny had been spreading. The murderous precision of the "Baboon's" firing had had a terrible effect—the boats on the booms were knocked to pieces, and scarcely a man had escaped unhurt by the splinters; and the fury raised in the breasts of the crew swelled to madness, when they saw that the schooner's tactics prevented their retaliating adequately, while the superiority of her artillery enabled her to knock their vessel about as she pleased.

"This wont do," said one of the crew, as he saw another shot fall short. "Comrades," he cried, "we're sold. That —— there has sold us to the Englishman." As he spoke, he threw down the lighted match, with which he had been firing the gun, and pointed to a tall figure, to which all eyes were turned. It was their captain; and now that one man had found a point to which the inflamed passions of the rest could turn for a vent, his triumph had begun. Several of the others came round him, and the contagion of mutiny spread.

The first speaker continued—"Didn't he tell us that that there devil's imp of a schooner was a yacht? A yacht indeed, that throws a shot as far as any of their b——y buccaneering squadron, and a devilish deal closer than half of them! Why, it was a got-up thing between him and the captain of the brig that we left in the bay. I suppose he's to get off with something for himself, and we're to go to jail. But, I say, if we're to strike, let him hang first."

The captain listened to these words with a look of scorn on his face. He turned to look round upon the men, and see how many voices he could count upon in favour of his life. But there was no hope *there*. They had all gathered round the mutineer, and he saw that his doom had come.

"Curse you all!" said he, gnashing his teeth bitterly. "Mutiny spreads among you, like the scab among the niggers? Do your worst." He drew his sword, but they rushed in upon him. He was pinioned, and they prepared with savage haste to hang him.

It was at that moment that Chilton, from the "Baboon," saw the seaman running along the fore yard of the brig. Five minutes afterwards the body of the captain swung at the yard-arm, having been run up with such force that it was thrown over the end of the yard and fell across it, when the same seaman who had prepared the rope, went out again and pushed it off! There it swung and dangled with every motion of the brig, and two minutes afterwards she began firing again, with it hanging aloft.

The wind had now fallen light. The sun was glaring with an intense remorseless heat, from a sky of the very faintest blue, and looked like a well of boiling silver raining from above. The sea was unbroken by a ripple, and its broad expanse, so smooth above, so clear below, seemed stagnant. The clouds of smoke from the guns hung heavily round each vessel, till a casual cat's-paw of a breeze took them slowly away.

It is only the episodes of a battle that can be made interesting; the general effect of the whole is confusing. Let us look at the individuals.

M'Mizen's conduct was very singular on this occasion. He was attired hideously—probably for purposes of terror. He served with great zeal at a gun, but every now and then was taken with a fit of philosophy, and began muttering that they were fighting without an object, "there was nae principle involved," and so forth. Then, apparently, by way of supplying this deficiency, he brought his imagination to bear, and invested the slaver with new attributes, saying, as he fired a shot—"There's ane for Prince Charlie; down with the strange Hoos! — Hae at them, Lochiel!" and using other encouraging expressions of the same sort. But even this not being stimulating enough to his nature, he was heard to exclaim—"Wull ye, Satan?—eh, you auld tyke? Be aff, Clootie! There's for yersel, Nick!" From which it would seem that he was exciting himself to combat by supposing the enemy of mankind to be opposed to him in the hostile bark.

Dobbs, meanwhile, ran about, panting with excitement, dodging his head at every gun from the slaver, which he seemed to think a good precaution, whereas it was but a useless ceremony. He went and looked curiously at every hole which the shot made; and sometimes put his hand to his head, to make sure that it was all right; which it certainly was, in the sense in which he meant it, that is to say, that the exterior was uninjured. But Dobbs behaved with proper pluck throughout.

At three P.M., a breeze having sprung up, it was resolved to board the enemy. For this purpose a final broadside was fired; and the helm being suddenly put up, the "Baboon" gathered way, and ran, stem on, into the brig's quarter. Her bowsprit catching the maintopmast backstays, tore the maintopmast away, which fell, with all the gear hanging about it, like the leaves and branches of a felled tree.

There was a scene of dreadful confusion. Then, M'Mizen, Chilton, and Carisford, came with the pick of the "Baboon's" men, and sprang on board the brig. The two vessels hove together in the sea. Some of the slaver's men, in resisting the boarders, fell overboard, and perished miserably between the dashing hulls, as they smote each other in rising and falling with the swell of the waters. There was one final struggle. The deck was won, and the English flag floated from the brig's peak. The slaver's crew were disarmed and secured. The two vessels were disengaged from each other, and arrangements were made for keeping the brig as a prize.

One of the first things done was to lower the body of the murdered captain. They brought it down into the cabin, and as they removed the jacket which the dead man had on, they found marked upon the arm, in those blue tattoo marks which sailors are so fond of—none of the prevailing nautical emblems, no flags, anchors, Egyptian looking females, or initials, but *a crest*, punctured with heraldic exactness, on the white skin. Some little things in the cabin lockers seemed to indicate that he had been of more refined tastes than generally belong to such adventurers, and this fact, coupled with that of the crest, established the probability that he had been an erring spirit of a higher order, who had stooped to sin with the villains of the brig, and perished in all likelihood from some jealousy which he had excited. Chilton learned that the fellow who had raised the crew against him had been killed by the very first shot that the "Baboon" had fired, after the murder had been committed and the fight renewed.

Not long after the capture came a flood of heavy rain, and poured upon the scorched decks of the vessels. It poured along the decks, washing the blood away in streams along the gangways into the sea. The men joyfully placed buckets to catch it, and moistened their parched lips and faces, and soaked the begrimed and blood-stained clothes.

A fine breeze sprung up with the evening's shades, and the two vessels jogged on together (M'Mizen taking charge of the brig), all that night, as harmoniously as possible.

The next day, Chilton and the others went on board the brig, which was now regularly added to the dominions of King Dobbs, and as she contained two hundred and fifty slaves, the king had thus a very respectable number of subjects. It was not long before he gave a proof that he scarcely possessed judgment enough for a monarch. His thorough benevolence was dangerous to him, as was shown by the following little incident, which occurred in the afternoon.

Chilton, Carisford, and Pereira, were standing on the deck of the slaver, abaft, in quiet conversation, when a peculiar noise was heard.

"What is that?" asked Carisford.

"I don't know, I'm sure—stop—it's a kind of clinking noise; somebody doing something with a hammer, I should suppose," Chilton said.

At this moment, Dobbs was observed walking aft, with that peculiar self-satisfied smile, which men of moderate capacity assume when they think that they have made a great hit, and which may safely be taken as a symptom that something terrible is on the eve of happening.

"Well, Dobbs, what news? What's that row below?"

"Ah," said Dobbs, with a knowing smile, "I have been preparing a surprise for you—"

He had scarcely spoken the words, when the "surprise" presented itself in due form, for a dozen of the slaves rushed on deck.

The fact was, that Dobbs, in his benevolence, had ordered some of them *to be let loose*, and as they knew nothing of the lofty motives which had impelled the youths of the "Baboon" to capture the vessel, their first impulse was to massacre all the white men that they came across. Accordingly they made a rush at them, and the end of it was, that the "Baboon's" crew were, in self-defence, obliged to shoot some half a dozen of them and maim a few more. They were also compelled to put the whole body of the slaves under stronger restraint than ever, for some time, so that more of them died during the first week of King Dobbs's command than would probably have died in a month had the brig remained in the possession of the original slave-owners. But then it is well known that a similar result takes place whenever a man-of-war captures a slave-ship, under the existing system—and what, we should like to know, is the use of blunders on the part of government, if not to justify the blunders of private individuals?

Dobbs, unlike most kings, was terribly ashamed of his blunder, and invariably blushed, when an allusion was made to the result of his humanity. The murdered negroes haunted his imagination, and it was some time before he considered his political character purged from these black spots upon it, as Chilton used to call them.

For three entire weeks after the capture of the slaver, there occurs a *hiatus* in the "Baboon's" log. All that the historian can conjecture, is, that the two vessels continued running to the southward, with a very strong breeze. It is certain that the "Baboon" was at St. Helena, not only from the following note in the Log:

"August 18.—St. Helena. Wind S.S.W. Visited Napoleon's grave. There is a willow there—a *weeping* one, they call it; but more like the 'All-round-my-hat' willow of the popular song. Why the deuce should anything weep at that grave?

"N.B.—Spot imposing. Hotel ditto. Sherry bad and dear."

Not only, we say, from the above flippant extract, obviously written by young Carisford, is it certain that the "Baboon" went to St. Helena, but from *a bill drawn on England by Dobbs*, which was kindly placed at our disposal by the gentleman who paid it, and which was doubtless drawn to pay for the refit and provisions required by the vessels.

From St. Helena, it would seem that the adventurers pursued their way towards the Pacific. The following extracts from the Log of the "Baboon" give some hints of the voyage:—

"October, 18—. Lat 55° S. Long. 39° W. Wind N.E. by N. 8 h. 30 m. A.M.—Shifted sails. Died, one male slave.* Saw an albatross. Crew picking oakum.

"October, 18—. Lat. —. Long. —. Wind N.E. One negro child born—very ugly. Died, one male slave.

"November, 18—. Lat. —. Long. —. Wind. N.N.E. —Christened the little negro (the ugly one) after a celebrated secretary to the Admiralty."

It would seem from the foregoing, that the voyage was rather monotonous,—but soon the scene changes. Once in the Pacific, once among the South Sea Islands, the log becomes more interesting. It appears that the Society made great efforts to ameliorate the condition of the slaves. At first no great reform could be brought about. The Tory party in fact, among the niggers, held out against washing and fresh air, under the notion that *that* was the Toryism of their ancestors,—a kind of blunder we have seen elsewhere! The Baboonites had selected a man from the old slave crew, of a most respectable character, and employed him in an attempt to introduce something like cleanliness and comfort into the slave deck. He had orders, for example, to take some of the niggers on deck and wash them, to improve the way in which they were stowed, &c. He was a great enthusiast in this reform, and as his name was William, he was nicknamed by the Society "Reform Bill." Yet he was constantly resisted by some of the old slaves, the chief of the captive tribe, and it was long before they would permit him to pass in amongst them to perform his operations. The health of the slaves improved; even some intelligence began to dawn upon them; when one morning the "Baboon" and the brig met with the most extraordinary accident that had yet befallen them. One fine morning, in a part of the sea where the charts had marked "no bottom at a thousand fathoms," a part believed universally to be a waste of water, they espied land!

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* Such are the brief little tragic notices that you find in the Log of an officer belonging to a vessel of the squadron, that has been *lucky.*

Land! A large island, apparently fertile, met their eyes. The vessels ran in. A black population—strange to say, speaking a sort of English—came to the beach. Our adventurers fired a shot or two, to "astonish the natives;" formed their niggers in the slave ship into a band—landed in hostile array—took possession of the island, the name of which they found to be Somniata—and then and there hoisted the conquering standard of King Dobbs!

Of the exact latitude and longitude of Somniata we are unable to give any precise account; but undoubtedly it is situated in the temperate zone. Some have asserted that it is near the continent of Utopia; others, that it is within a day's sail of the Formosa, discovered by the ingenious Psalmanazar; and one enterprising geographer informs us, that it belongs to the well-known group of the Allmihi islands. However, let speculators say what they will, *there is the fact*, that the "Baboon" arrived at the island of Somniata, anchored at half-past one in the afternoon, and carried the island by a brilliant assault at four. The invasion was completely successful; the standard of King Dobbs floated from the citadel; and by midnight he and the other youths of the "Baboon" were examining the maps of the island, for the purpose of arranging about the property.

So little was the unfortunate Dobbs acquainted with the real nature of his position, as conqueror, that he began absurdly to ask what right he had to dispose of the lands of the inhabitants.

The council stood aghast.

"What right?" said Chilton, his prime minister. "Why, the right divine, to be sure!"

"What *is* the right divine?" inquired Dobbs.

This was too much; the council was convulsed with laughter.

"The natural right of kings, to be sure—the sacred right which they derive from Providence, of doing what they think proper!"

Dobbs then drew up a document, by which the lands of the island were divided amongst his followers; large provinces to Chilton, Carisford, and Pereira; smaller to M'Mizen and the crew of the "Baboon." The great seal (which, by the way, had "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," upon it—being a small *souvenir* given to Dobbs by his mother) having been affixed, the document was carried into force; and a proclamation was issued at the same time, informing "the people of Somniata" that they had been long under a grasping government, but that they would now know what a beneficent administration was.

"Now, Dobbs," said Chilton, "you must create us peers."

"Indeed!" replied the king; "why?"

"Why?" said Chilton. "How the blazes is a country to get on without an aristocracy, I should like to know? We must have a government of the best; those best the king creates!"

"I should have thought that only Providence could *create* such an order," replied the ingenuous monarch.

"My dear Dobbs," said Chilton, compassionately, "we must take our own beloved England as a model;—create lots of new peers, and whatever they do, or neglect to do, throw the blame on the old ones.—It is as well to be omnipotent, when one is about it. If a king wants a number of tulips in his garden, and nature does not produce any, his proper course is to select weeds, and call them tulips, and order all men, by his royal authority, to call them tulips also. Such is the power of New Creations! If you can't do that, what's the use of being a king?"

Dobbs made no further resistance; and Chilton, Carisford, and Pereira became dukes by the magic of the royal word.

This event was duly announced to the people, and a salute was fired from the "Baboon" on the occasion. A shot happened to be in one of the guns, and it unfortunately decapitated a leading native, who had distinguished himself by his resistance to the Dobbsian invasion, so that everybody exclaimed that the hand of Providence was visible in the event, and the government received a considerable accession of strength from it.

Dobbs then proceeded to establish a standing army, consisting chiefly of the slaves from the brig, who had become somewhat civilized under the "Baboon" administration.

Standing armies are something like standing corn; they are supported by the soil, and have very long ears. Dobbs's troops were of the orthodox character. They understood that their duty was to defend the king, and that his was to feed them. Here ended their notions of citizenship; that was all they understood—and so they were eminently useful.

Such were the opening measures of King Dobbs, in the island of Somniata.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE ISLAND OF SOMNIATA.

Mention has been made of a noble lord who made Christopher Sly, the tinker, lord for one day; and various potentates have played similar tricks—but they were not, we imagine, aware what a profound political lesson they were teaching the lookers-on thereby; for surely, when the said lookers-on saw the boozy Christopher, after some hesitation—not to mention his "pot of small ale"—accommodate himself naturally to his position; when the Persian courtiers saw the poor fellow whom the caliph had transported to his palace perform quite properly his imperial part—surely, we say, they must have thence deduced that but small natural advantages were necessary to the post at all; and thence have proceeded to inquire whether such lord or caliph were not a too expensive dignitary, who might be well dispensed with.

Irrespective of that inquiry, however, we are now about to show how our hero Dobbs behaved as king, when he had succeeded in establishing himself on the throne of Somniata.

It was the first aim of Dobbs, acting under the advice of his courtiers, to govern his kingdom as a benevolent despot—a being that has always been a desideratum among moderate politicians. To this end, he became very scrupulous of outward appearances; he cultivated the Vandyke beard, to which (*vide* Macaulay's *Essays*) Charles the First owes his popularity; he bowed and smiled to his subjects whenever he rode out; and he frequently alluded in public to the love he bore his respected mother. He was also very kind to his dogs; and never signed a death warrant without a tear in his eye, which tear he showed to all the people present, as carefully as the Neapolitan priests show the blood of St. Januarius.

Much was anticipated from such promising signs. Dobbs was pronounced by the Somniatans "the Lord's anointed," and liberal popular concessions were universally expected.

But the most benevolent of all despots must look out for himself before he looks out for his subjects; so Dobbs's first cares were the establishment of a body of household troops—the selection of a private band, to perform after dinner—the fitting-up a snug palace for his regal residence, and so forth.

"You have forgotten one thing," said Chilton to him, one evening that they were holding a private council.

"What is that?" asked Dobbs.

"You must have a poet laureate."

Dobbs had quite overlooked this; but it was time to repair the omission. A search was instituted among the Somniatans (who, as has been already stated, were a black people speaking English) for a poet.

It appeared that the Somniatans treated their poets as they did their canaries—caged them up, and fed them principally on sugar; for nearly all the good poets of the island were in jail for debt; and though everybody concurred in lavishing flattery on them (*i. e.* sugar), nobody helped them to get out.

One poet, indeed, was not in jail; on the contrary, he was very well off. He was certainly very far the worst of all—but then he had always been a consistent supporter of the institutions of Somniata. Who had most constantly supported the idol Foggum, chief of the Somniatan gods?—Verbosh, the poet. Who had written poetry to the daughter of the King Boobylee (dethroned at the Dobbs conquest), calling her carroty hair golden?—Verbosh again. Not a man in all the island had such an organ of veneration as Verbosh. He was just the man: he was made poet laureate by Dobbs at once, with a small salary, and a pumpkin per day—to which was added a vegetable marrow, on sacred occasions. His duty was to write odes on all events of importance in the royal family.

We have one or two of these productions, selected from the archives, but it seems unnecessary to publish them. The occasions on which they were written, indeed, were not of very great importance. One long one was composed on the occasion of Dobbs dropping a cigar, which he was smoking, out of a window, by accident. The poet exclaims—

"That great cigar
Is now a star
In yonder constellation;"

the literal fact, we believe, being, that the stump was picked up by a youthful Somniatan, who happened to be passing at the time, and was by him enjoyed as a rare and unwonted luxury. But Verbosh was quite right to make his statement too; for there is a popular notion common among the Somniatans, that whatever is not common sense must be imagination—and he had nothing else to do but take advantage of it.

It was some time before the king had sufficiently arranged his personal matters to have time to bestow on the affairs of the kingdom; and when he at last had, and had proclaimed his intention of summoning a parliament, that the Somniatans might have an opportunity of declaring their grievances, such a mass of petitions flocked in, that he was well-nigh overwhelmed with them; and it was observable, which sadly puzzled King Dobbs, that no man prayed for anything to benefit Somniata itself, but always some *interest* in Somniata. There was the landed "interest," which prayed for "protection," to the exclusion of everything; and the commercial "interest," which demanded encouragement, and pooh-poohed the landlords. One class of medical men prayed that another class might not be allowed to practise. Those who worshipped the idol Foggum in black, petitioned for measures against those who worshipped him in white. One party wanted to gild Foggum afresh, at the expense of the island; another proposed that Foggum should be sold, and the money used for public purposes.

"I wonder they never have a civil war, with all their conflicting interests," soliloquized the King.

"It would not pay," said a merchant who was with his majesty.

There seemed to be a complete separation of all men from one another—nay, Dobbs noticed that even the grocers and tailors in the capital must needs caution the public against each other, and warn them that it was not the "same concern." Never had benevolent despot such a job to do as Dobbs.

Parliament met. The king opened it in person, with a speech which was received with enthusiastic applause. It was the first time that parliament had been assembled since the Dobbs conquest. The present parliament had been elected during the days of King Boobylee, whom Dobbs had dethroned when he conquered the island. Dobbs was anxious to let the Somniatans have this ancient institution still, and was willing to hear what they had to suggest for the improvement of the island.

Up got Lord Jocko, the leader of the movement party that would not move.

Up got Sir Beelzebub, the great conservative, who would not conserve.

Up got Mr. Bluster Stiletto, who wanted a place, and whose game it was to fling at the government till they gave him one, as a West Indian pelts the monkeys on a cocoa tree, till they fling him a cocoa nut in self-defence.

After these heroes (each of whom only looked at the question in the best light for himself), there rose Mr. Sparkles Aculea, who peppered everybody with epigrams. All the members roared as they inhaled the "laughing gas" of Mr. Aculea, and then everybody went off to dinner.

That evening there was a council held in the palace, in one of the most private of the royal apartments, at which were present only the king, and his now titled friends, Chilton, Carisford, and Pereira.

"'Gad!" said Chilton, carefully preparing an oyster (the Somniatan oysters are renowned in that part of the world), "what an assembly! Who the deuce would have expected to drop on such an island as this in these parts of the world?"

"It is astonishing," said Carisford: "and the airs these black fellows give themselves, too! Why, by Jove, Somniata seems a miniature vice!"

"Do you know," said the king, very solemnly, as an idea seemed slowly to force itself upon him, "what with that parliament, and affairs generally, Somniata reminds me very much of—"

"Of what?" asked Chilton.

Dobbs whispered something; whatever it was, it did not reach the present historian; but it was received with a laugh, which seemed to convey the approbation of the company.

"How am I to go to work to reform existing abuses?" pursued the king, despairingly.

"Heaven only knows," said Chilton, with a reckless air. "Attempts at reform seem to me like the attempt of the fellow in Æsop's fable, to scrub the blackamoor white. The job is impossible, and the trial kills the object of it. If you meddle wholesale with land, you endanger property; if you interfere with labour, you give an opening to socialism; and let me tell you, my boys," continued Chilton, "that if socialism gets one foot inside, it wont be easy to shut the door on it."

Dobbs was in great perplexity; "I don't see where to begin my reforms."

"Only one thing seems perfectly clear," said Carisford: "you must keep your standing army attached to you; and let us have the 'Baboon' in the bay, always ready for a bolt, in case of a revolution."

Here the Baboonites ceased to trouble themselves about the affairs of the island; and the remainder of the evening was spent as they used to spend their evenings in the olden time, before they came into these unknown latitudes.

Next morning the king was awakened by the sound of joy—bells ringing through the air; and he saw from the windows of his palace troops of well dressed people hurrying to the city's gates. Each of them carried in his hand a strangely shaped instrument, and was accompanied by two four-footed animals, not unlike our English dogs.

"What is the meaning of this?" exclaimed the astonished king.

"May um massa live for ever!" said a Somniatan courtier, in the peculiar English of the nation. "To-day is um Feast of Flying Things, the first day of the ninth month of our year. To-day um Somniatan-nobs (nob is the Somniatan for aristocrat) go kill the Sacred Bustard."

"Kill the Sacred Bustard!" thought Dobbs. "Are the people mad?" Here Dobbs heaved a deep sigh, and thought, with increased affection, of his mother's little cottage at Portsmouth—the yellow jug, with flowers in it, in his bedroom—the landscape, with Abraham and Isaac, suspended on the wall. "Why do they do this?" asked he of the courtier, who had watched his emotion with profound respect.

"Custom of um ancestors," said the courtier, very readily; and Dobbs felt inclined to laugh, as he recognised the familiar phrase, which had been returned as an answer to almost every inquiry which he made about the island.

He then determined to go out and witness this festival. Like most ceremonies among the Somniatans, he found that it was accompanied by a human sacrifice. The Somniatans were very religious in this respect; if they had one of their great dancing meetings, for example—such as those held at the Temple Omnax, dedicated to one of their chief gods, Modus—a number of girls were sacrificed to a goddess called Vestes. The mode of death was peculiar; it was secret starvation; for the Somniatans were a humane people; they prided themselves on their abhorrence of bloodshed, so immolated their victims in a delicate manner, that could not offend the eyesight in any way. On the present occasion the victims were men, called Bosheers, and these were formally imprisoned by the nobs while the Festival of Flying Things lasted, for it was held sacrilegious for the Bosheers, who were usually of the lower orders, to kill the sacred bird in fun, or eat him in earnest, both which last operations the nobs performed, with a zeal which showed their attachment to the institutions of the country.

This ceremony, among many other things, showed Dobbs what a people he had to deal with. Here was an institution which kept a large number of sacred irds at the expense of the Somniatan farmers, for the amusement of the Somniatan "higher orders," and which was kept up by the annual imprisonment of hundreds of Somniatan peasants, a system which made one man a felon that another might amuse himself like a fool. Never was a benevolent despot in such a difficulty as our friend the king. Move where he would he found an abuse; and every abuse (like every sacred bustard) was carefully "preserved" by those who had an interest in it.

But it was the social system of the Somniatans that chiefly surprised his majesty. Exclusiveness was the very soul of it; and to such an extent was it carried, that several of the very great people had taken to living in balloons (in construction of which the Somniatans have arrived at great proficiency), so as to escape completely from the intrusion of their inferiors. And it was amusing to see how, when one of these balloons descended for a fresh supply of provisions, all sorts of people hastened to surround it, and strove madly for admission. Nay, some unfortunates even held on by the car, so that they were raised into the air, and being unable either to get in, or to maintain their hold where they were, fell down again, and got a terrible shock thereby. These were laughed at by everybody, and happily dubbed snobs by a Somniatan satirist.

Dobbs resolved to take the opinion of the greatest men among the natives, as to what changes ought to be made in the island. A few edicts that he had issued had been already received with much grumbling. But the army was firm; a double allowance of beer had been issued to each soldier. A number of places were given to the Somniatan aristocracy, and Dobbs himself asked the leader of the opposition to dinner. By these great strokes of diplomacy, discontent was allayed.

It was in vain that he sought to form a system out of the opinions which he gathered from the natives.

Lord Jocko wanted places for the little Jockos, and their cousins, and second cousins, and so on, unto the third and fourth generation.

Sir Beelzebub was for conserving, as long as anything could be conserved. He was for treating the institutions of the island as the Athenians did the vessel that bore Theseus to Crete, patching bit by bit as was necessary. But he made the fatal mistake of not being careful in the selection of material.

One of the most amusing suggestions was made by a party called "Young Somniata," which proposed that the lower orders should take to the pastimes of their ancestors. These politicians thought that hungry and dissatisfied peasants should, by way of remedying their condition, begin dancing round a pole. Here was a plan—a plan which, when Rome was burning, would have set every man to fiddle, and emulate Nero.

But had the people of Somniata no religion? You might have lived there for months, as a stranger, and never found it out till you had to pay your taxes. You were taxed for your soul, as you were for your gig, or your windows; and if you did not pay, then you found out the full extent of Somniatan zeal—for your goods were seized.

The king determined to avail himself of the religion of the people, and use it as an engine for ameliorating their condition; and before he did so, he paid a visit to the Valley of Hope, where was the idol Foggum, of which mention has before been made.

It was on a beautiful morning, in the southern summer, that our King, attended only by his English companions, went to visit the Valley of Hope, where was the temple of the great idol, chief of the Somniatan gods. The way lay through a narrow lane, with steep banks of rich green, which sparkled with yellow flowers. On the summit of the banks were hedges, and through these ran the twining branches of vines, so that clusters of red grapes hung down on each side, ripening into purple bloom under the rays of the sun, which shot from heaven in gleams of silvery white. Trees, tall and motionless, with broad leaves, were on each side of this narrow way. In a hole in the trunk of one of them, a cluster of wild bees had made their nest, and this had swelled, from the prodigal richness of the country in flowers, into a size too great for the little colony's retreat, so that the honey had escaped, and stole in a lazy golden stream down the glittering bark. Birds, so gaudy in their plumage, that they looked like winged flowers sporting in the air, flew everywhere around, and butterflies swam from flower to flower, and rested on them, leaving on their heads, in gratitude for their welcome, some of the sparkling dust from their wings.

The island of Somniata is only seventy-five miles in circumference (as ascertained by a survey by King Dobbs). The Valley of Hope lies on the S.W. of it, where a small chain of volcanic hills, called the Blue Hills, rises and forms a boundary between the valley and the sea. To this valley the travellers now came.

In Somniata, nature is a spendthrift; and she has lavished all her riches without restraint upon the valley. And never was it seen to more advantage than on this morning. The sky was of a violet blue, and the few white clouds that hung upon it, had assumed strange and solemn shapes. The stillness was broken by nothing but the noise of the waterfall in a small river, which leaped from height to height from the place in the Blue Hills where it rose, until it gained the bed of the valley, through which it ran in a quick smooth stream, and so carried away the flowers which dropped into it, from the bushes overhanging its banks, to the sea.

In the centre of the valley stood the temple, a relic of the architecture of the old time. It was built in what the modern Somniatans call the dark ages, a title which they apply to all ages into the depths of which they themselves cannot "securely pry," and a title, which, in all human probability, is applied by all enlightened bats to those noontide hours in which they cannot see. Be this as it may, the temple is the finest building in Somniata. This is observed of all the ancient temples,—and the people admit the fact, while delighting in sneering at the times which produced them.

The king and his companions were received by the native high priest (a Somniatan, who had been made a high priest for his knowledge of the language of the Cockobees, of the neighbouring island of Swango), who showed them the great idol Foggum. It was a noble image of wood, somewhat, however, decayed, for though the revenues of the Somniatan religious institutions are large, the priests are so numerous and well paid, that the gods are somewhat neglected on their account. The Somniatans could never clearly explain to strangers how this was; how, when religion was at a low ebb, the priests were so very well off, seeing that one would think the first object of the Foggum establishment would be to provide for Foggum himself. It certainly appears an anomaly.

From what the king learned on that day, he discovered the impossibility of influencing the people through any *sentiment*, however holy. He was told that he must be "practical," particularly by those Somniatans who called themselves liberals, and who certainly were deuced "liberal" in giving away the old creeds and institutions of the island for any party benefit that they could get in exchange.

"Practical" is a very fine word, and much in use among the Somniatans, in opposition to the word "visionary," which is contemptuously applied to all who propound anything lofty, holy, or mysterious. "Be practical," cried the people, to their new king.

Dobbs determined to turn his hand to education. He found that the higher orders among the Somniatans were chiefly educated, not in their own language, but in the language spoken by the Cockobees of the neighbouring island of Swango, two thousand years before. They were flogged at the shrines of the Cockobees in their infancy, they laboured at the books of the Cockobees in their youth, they neglected them in their manhood, and forgot them in their old age. Such was their education. But woe to anybody who meddled with the system? As on a decayed tree grows fungus, of which good matches may be made, so on a decayed institution grows prejudice easy to set fire to.

Then as to the lower orders.—The king found that there were two ways of dealing with them in this matter. One was to give them education without bread; the other, to give them bread without education. To be sure, some governments had hit on the happy expedient of giving them *neither*, which had resulted in a good deal of crime; so that the money which ought to have been spent in educating the poor, had to be expended in maintaining them in jail. This was rather a blunder for a "practical" people, to be sure; but there was no evidence that the Somniatans were at all ashamed of it.

The king had scarcely had time to inform himself of these facts, before his attention was called to one remarkable abuse. He found that the offices of state had all been bestowed, from time immemorial—(so many insisted, though others sternly maintained that the custom was new)—upon those persons among the higher orders who happened to be born with the marks of strawberries upon their ears. Abilities had nothing to do with any appointment; merit had nothing to do with it. This physical peculiarity determined the matter. The new born child was looked at with the greatest anxiety; and if on the fine long ear glittered the mark of a strawberry leaf, he was destined to high employments and lofty situations. Here was a regulation fruitful of disgrace abroad and misfortune at home—of blundering diplomacy and high taxes—of national dishonour and deficits in the revenue.

Among the higher orders were several professed reformers; but they took very great care that no reform should interfere with themselves. When it seemed likely to do so, they cried out "finality!" When they wanted to drink the waters of liberty, they helped themselves, but they did not pass the bottle. The great reliance, in fact, of the Somniatan masses (such was the unhappy pass to which the island had come) was in the fears of the higher orders. They knew that when it came to the last rub, the higher orders would give way; they knew that their amiable superiors would play the coward when the bigot's game was up; whence a proud reliance on what was called "agitation," or hubbub; hence large profits to professional agitators, who led mobs, as men lead bees, by a clanging noise.

What could King Dobbs do in an island like this? He could not move without offending many, nor stand still without offending all.

In truth, the island was "like dog distract or monkey sick." Nobody was contented, and yet nobody knew how to better matters. A jargon of lies was spoken everywhere; and yet you would hear people exclaiming that Somniata was in the highest state of civilization. "We have white bread," said they, "when our ancestors had black—clothes where they had rags—and we don't die nearly so quickly." But they did not say "We have *cretins* to rule us, when our ancestors had heroes—we have shams, where our ancestors had men of genius—and we are without faith, when they were prepared to die for theirs."

"Eat your white bread," exclaimed an eccentric traveller to this people, "but it will not feed the soul!"

Cicero tells us, from Aristotle, that the intellectual are melancholy—*omnes ingeniosos esse melancolicos.* Melancholy was one of the chief characteristics of the intellectual of Somniata at this time.

Their most original thinker, a man who came nigh being a prophet, such as they had had of old, the great Tommaso, always wore a pall when he preached. It seemed as if he knew that he should meet no attention in the plain garb of a teacher. He despaired of his time, and always gave utterance to strong contempt or a laughter that was melancholy to hear. His mind always marched to the tune of the "Dead March in

Saul." His favourite amusement was firing volleys over the graves of the Somniatan heroes.

Then the best Somniatan poet, Tennusa, of the many-coloured verse—to his rainbow colours there was always a cloud for a background, on which they shone. One of his chief poems contained the wailings of a man, whose dearest hopes in life had been sacrificed to the vulgar and greedy prejudices of Somniatan society. He too found his age all wrong; and he sang his music to cheer it in its sadness, as the brave old harper played to the imprisoned Richard.

Indeed, there were tokens everywhere that something was fundamentally wrong in this little island. Their philosophical novelist seemed to make a kind of apology, and give a pitying laugh, when he introduced a tender, loving character into his book. He seemed to produce such a gentle weeping creature with a consciousness that she would be cried down as uninteresting; but, on the other hand, when vice and pretension were to be exposed, he went to work with the ease and power of a master; and the Somniatan public, much more given to laughing than loving, cheered him on—but encouraged vice and pretension all the same.

The above remarks will furnish a slight idea of the state of Somniata, in various ways, when it fell under the government of King Dobbs. It may amuse some of the inhabitants of our great and happy country to learn something of the condition of this little island of the distant southern sea. How strange it seems (yet it is perfectly true, as Dobbs has repeatedly assured the present historian,) that the Somniatans should constantly speak of themselves as the "envy of surrounding islands, and the admiration of the South Sea!"

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE INGLORIOUS REVOLUTION.—HOMEWARD BOUND.

THE author of the fable about the old man and his ass must have had an eye to politics when he penned that apologue. What situation can be conceived more horrible than that of a king bent on governing according to every suggestion made to him? Such, however, was now the situation of our benevolent despot, Dobbs, in Somniata. He was "blown about by every wind of doctrine," from the rude nor'-wester of radicalism to the mild somniferous zephyr of *laissez faire.*

The ministers of his predecessor, King Boobylee, had been liberal Somniatans; these Dobbs had retained —Lord Jocko being at their head—in office after his accession, with the intention of acting by their advice. But advice soon became dictation. These little black fellows, with their pompous manners and fine phrases, showed a strong disposition to lord it over the conqueror. King Dobbs dismissed the ministry, who forthwith asked him to appeal to the island—they would throw themselves on their countrymen; in fact, they wanted a dissolution of the assembly of Somniata, and a general election. The king, willing to learn the opinions of his subjects, complied. The assembly was dissolved by his *fiat.*

Then, indeed, began such a hubbub as the king had never yet seen in his little island. It appeared that an appeal to the island meant an appeal to the public-houses in it, for these seemed the head-quarters of the people who appealed. An almost incalculable quantity of *Beeheer*—a liquor which the Somniatans make from a plant common in the island—was consumed during the proceedings. And then, the choice of representatives! Never was such a representation seen. Farmers and labourers, in white cotton dresses, producers of rice and maize, cultivators of sugar, growers of flax, were *represented* by Somniatan dandies with rings in their noses, who knew nothing of them or their occupations, and who divided their time between idling in the capital and killing the sacred bustard; and when the assembly met, King Dobbs looked in vain among the names of the members for those who enjoyed intellectual reputation. But, after all, this was a defect he could not remedy; he tried to improve the position of the literary men of the island, but desisted when he found that the celebrated Sniggeero, whom he had often asked to dinner, brought out a novel, in which all that he had said or done in his own palace, while Sniggeero was enjoying his hospitality, was minutely displayed for the gratification of public curiosity.

King Dobbs was disgusted with the assembly. He resolved to govern as a military despot henceforward; he dissolved the assembly without choosing a ministry, threw some malcontents into prison, banished a few leaders to the Wango Fum Islands, and took the reins of power entirely into his own hands. His new station requiring new external advantages, he cut off the Vandyke beard, which he had assumed as a benevolent despot, and began his career of military despotism with moustaches, a snuff-box, a military uniform, and a star about the size of a cheese plate.

Of course the same degree of decency is not expected from a military as a benevolent despot, so Dobbs ceased to affect a love of dogs, but cruelly killed flies in his palace windows, frowned melodramatically, swore occasionally, and pinched his Somniatan favourites by the ears.

These seem trifles, but such trifles are important in a king. Who will deny that the basest and meanest trifles, the lowest and paltriest objects, may be important to a people, when he glances at the kind of persons into whose hands Europe has fallen of late years? But a truce to seriousness, though wise men must see that there is something very *skeletonish* in the grin which the miserable farce of politics provokes now, when we consider what a few years may bring about.

It was while Dobbs governed in this thoroughly imperial style, that he acquired that knowledge of Somniatan matters from which we have derived the rude and imperfect sketches we have given of the state and manners of the people.

Their language occupied a considerable deal of his attention. We have already stated that it was a *peculiar* English, being peculiar chiefly from the fact that it had been greatly modified by the institutions and manners of the people from its original meaning. The Somniatans grew tired, it would seem, of calling things by their proper names: for example, their words *galant*, *lerned*, *nobull*, and so on, though once bearing the signification of the words they resemble in English (though spelled differently), had come, in Dobbs's time, from frequent misapplication, to lose their original signification, and almost to bear no meaning at all; for *lerned* was applied to all young talkers in their law courts, whether they were in reality what the English call *learned* or not; *galant* was bestowed, as a title, on persons who had no opportunity of showing whether they were *brave* or not, and so on. They even applied the word which answers to our word *gentlemanly* to some of their vices; so that travellers visiting the island were apt to be deceived terribly by the *sound* of words, which they bestowed on each other in affected love, civility, or kindness. Many of these, indeed—not words only, but phrases—were downright destitute of any meaning whatever.

It used to be a custom among the Somniatans to sell their wives. This had fallen into disuse in the days of Dobbs, the king; but the influence of the ancient custom was still perceptible in the legal remedies afforded to injured Somniatan husbands.

It was in vain that King Dobbs attempted to carry out the reforms which seemed good to him. He was obliged to fall back upon the creed of the native sage Tommaso, that a radical change must begin in the inmost hearts of the natives. He had thought to influence them through their religion , but what could be done by religion where there is no faith ? They were willing to pay for their religion, with a certain grumbling demur, without being influenced by it; just as the poorer among them paid taxes for windows, through which (owing to their impurity) they could get no light. The cases were precisely similar. What was the use of hero worship where there were no heroes ? and where, too, there was such a total want of the insight necessary to spy out a hero, that, as was remarked, had St. Paul come among them, he would have been excluded from "polite society," and Peter the Hermit sent to Bedlam.

King Dobbs issued several edicts, which had the effect of producing loud howls for a "constitution," that being a machine very popular among the Somniatans, and, like their physical machines, having the effect of throwing human labour and the energies of the strong out of employ.

"I tell you what," said the king; "by Jove! I think the people have no souls." And a loud utilitarian laugh from the surrounding Somniatan courtiers proclaimed their acquiescence in the opinion of his majesty.

In a short time Dobbs found popular discontent increase ; and one fine morning he was awakened by a loud noise round his palace. The roar of an enraged populace rose upon his ear, and scarcely, amidst the sounds that they made, could he distinguish any words but these—" His head—off with his head !"

Heavens, could it be his head to which they were referring ?

> "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!"

exclaimed Dobbs, as his friends Chilton, Carisford, and Pereira rushed into the room.

"Yes," said Chilton, "and, let me tell you, Dobbs," he continued, "there's no hope for you, for you have been a most benevolent king ! They always come off the worst."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Dobbs, to a Somniatan courtier, who rushed into the room, not pale with affright, for he was black, as our readers are aware, but terrified beyond measure; "tell me, Pongo, is it a revolt?"

"No, sire, it um revolution," replied the courtier, unconsciously using a celebrated reply, made in similar circumstances.

And now the hubbub increased, the political fury of the mob swelling beyond expression, as a rumour spread among them that there was a large quantity of very fine liquor in the imperial cellar. Prodigies of valour were performed against the few of the king's guards who remained faithful; and the bakers' shops were plundered in the ardour for popular liberty.

Resistance was useless. The king and his friends ignominiously retreated by a back way from the palace; at the same moment the front gates were carried by assault (through the treachery of a native to whom Dobbs had been particularly kind), and in the excitement of pillage their escape was overlooked. They ran like Bourbons (to use an emphatic expression), and gained their dear old "Baboon" in the harbour, on board which they found the prudent M'Mizen making every preparation for flight. In a few moments they weighed in the yacht (leaving the slaver and slaves behind, to swell the resources of the island), and sailed slowly out of the harbour, when they paused to look at the town.

A huge cloud of black smoke, with streaks of red fire in it, marked the conflagration of the palace. The fact was, that the liberated people had fired it in a state of intoxication. It is really very kind of the people of most countries, nowadays, that they cannot destroy a dynasty without sacrificing a considerable number of themselves in its honour.

We think it right here to subjoin an extract from a historian of Somniata, writing of this important event, in that fine old orthodox humdrum style which distinguishes the Somniatan historians, with one brilliant and recent exception—who yet has his own deficiencies.

"Such was the fate of King Dobbs, after a reign of one year and thirty days. He was a monarch, of whom it may be said, that if he had not had a feeble volition, he would probably have been of a strong will. His want of courage was perhaps the reason that he had no great reputation for valour; and his love of his people prevented him from having that hatred to them which has distinguished some tyrants. He failed as a king, because he was not successful—and terminated his career unfortunately, from an absence of good luck, &c. In person, he was tall, without being gigantic—and fat, without being obese; his hair was red, without being carroty—and his limbs large, without being disproportionately so," &c.

The yacht chirped merrily along past the island of Somniata, at which the heroes of the "Baboon" took a long farewell look as they passed its shores; and indeed you may look long, oh heroes of the "Baboon," before a fairer island meets your view than is presented to you under the golden glare of that southern sun.

See how the rosy rays, bright as gold, but soft as silk, strike upon the long slender spires of the temples of Somniatan worship! see how the white palaces of the wealthy gleam in their light, and the capital uplifts a hundred architectural heads of beauty to the blue sky, in which the smoke from the city hangs like a veil of sable gauze. Beautiful, indeed! and yet through the streets of that city stalk figures of poverty, as ghastly as ever darkened the daylight, since the aborigines of the island stained their skins with the juice of the wild berry. See again how the rosy rays fall in a golden shower into the green lap of the country, rich and beautiful as a dowered queen. Here too gleam the palaces of the wealthy; and here are children of the soil less cared for than the beasts, and to whom the land they make fruitful grudges everything but a grave.

A fine fresh breeze bore away the schooner from the island; in a few hours it shrunk into the dimensions of a man's hand, and then faded away out of sight.

"Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno!"

The wind fell light at sunset, and the sails of the schooner flapped against the masts. Dobbs and his friends sat together, in the golden calm of the evening, discussing the only subject which had any interest for them now—home. It was a tranquil and beautiful hour. The scene could scarcely be called solitary, for every now and then, as the night drew on, there dawned in the heavens the face of a new star.

The night was beautiful that followed—it was a night that invited more to meditation than talk, and the young men were unusually silent. There was a pause among them, which was broken by Carisford, who went down into the cabin, and began to play upon the piano, which still figured among its ornaments. The instrument had been long silent; but now the imprisoned spirit of melody sprung from it, and roamed over the waters. His friends went below to join him.

"We are somewhat dull, to-night," said Chilton. "Let us have a song. Come, Car, oblige the company."

"No, really," began the modest Carisford.

"Stuff, *dulcissime!*" said his friend. "Come, we know you write your own songs—sing one of them; it's too dark for us to see your blushes; so begin."

Carisford put a bold face upon it, and struck up the following lay:—

### THE WAVES AND THE STARS.

"How silent the scene,
  Where to-night's calm has found us;
Only stars are above—
  Only waves are around us,
Ever restless the waves,
  As the life they are bearing;
The stars ever calm,
  As the death that's preparing.

From these let our life
  Take a lesson to guide it,
In sorrow or triumph,
  Whate'er may betide it:
To bear like the waves
  What may ever pass o'er it;
To shine like the stars
  Upon all that's before it.

And when comes the death,
Be it met as a brother:
One tear for our love,
And one prayer for our mother.

The tear with the waves
Its bright tenderness blending—
The prayer to the stars
In a pure breath ascending!”

“Very good, Car!” exclaimed Chilton, with the air of a man who considers his praise worth having.

“Did you write that?” inquired Dobbs, who had a mysterious regard for authors.

“I must plead guilty,” said Carisford, with a laugh.

“Indeed!” said the simple-minded Dobbs: “let me look at the writing.” And the ingenuous youth took the paper on which it was scribbled and gazed upon it with a reverential air, which excited no inconsiderable amusement among his friends.

“Now for a quiet evening,” Carisford said; and the servant of the Society was despatched to the galley with a kettle for the familiar hot water.

“*Spiritus intus alit*, as Virgil says,” exclaimed Chilton. And the quiet evening was begun.

It is not our intention to trace the “Baboon” home mile by mile on her long voyage. The winds were favourable, and she reached St. Helena in the month of June, where, it would appear, from some entries in the log (and from the dates of those bills on England, which principally gave information to their friends of their whereabouts), the youths of the “Baboon” stayed for some time. St. Helena, even, it would seem, had its attractions for them. We find in the log (a part of which is “unfit for publication,” as the newspapers say) that “larks” were going on in that solitary rock when they were there. The “Cowslip,” which they had left long before, hard and fast in the Bight of Bludi, on the African coast, had been more successful during the “Baboon's” long stay in the far south; and one day, when riding out to Longwood, who should present himself to the eyes of Chilton but the eccentric midshipman who had boarded the “Baboon” from that man-of-war, of which he was the great ornament. He communicated to the Society, with his usual vivacity, that he had been sent to St. Helena in charge of a prize, and told them, with a very hearty laugh, how "all his men being devilishly given to drink, he had been obliged to sleep with loaded pistols under his head, for fear of the slaver fellows;" and "'gad, sir," pursued he, "I had a slight scratch from one of them." Saying which, he bared a small white womanly arm, and showed the traces of a deep gash, with a "wasn't it a lark, eh?" He still seemed to preserve his health, and said there was a great deal of humbug talked about the sickness on the coast; but it was observable that he could not begin the day without some cold brandy and water—and that he could eat no meat that was not heaped over with the most pungent cayenne.

The Baboonites spent a great deal of time with this young gentleman, and with some junior officers in the garrison; and a story is still told thereabouts of a young gentleman who rode a horse up two pair of stairs, in some respectable house, and excited the terror and astonishment of all who dwelt therein.

It does not do to be too particular about dates; but we may go the length of stating that the "Baboon" left St. Helena only a few days after the French frigate "Harpagon" departed with the remains of Napoleon. She passed that vessel at sea subsequently, on which occasion (as the youths of the "Baboon" constantly asserted) the illustrious Pr—e de J—n—lle cleared for action in a most courageous manner, in case the "Baboon" should attack him—which was very probable, considering that there was no war between the two nations," and that the "Baboon" had only four guns; but the fiery enthusiasm of the Pr—e is well known. He sometimes, however, misses the mark, as was the case in his conjecture on this occasion—and in his bombardment of Tangier, where he did not make a great hit.

The sight of the French frigate, of course, gave rise to much discussion about the character of the Emperor whose remains it was bearing.

M'Mizen's observations were characteristic. "Disappointed ambition, indeed!" exclaimed the philosophical sailing master; "he began the warld little better than mysel', and ended wi' ten thousand a year! He had great reason to be thankfu'!"

The Society were much amused by this "natural homily."

After passing the "Harpagon," the "Baboon" pursued her way towards England tranquilly enough—

> "Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;"

or, in other words, Carisford and Chilton smoking a cigar at the bow, and Dobbs and Pereira doing ditto on the stern gratings.

"I thirst for a glimpse of England!" said Dobbs, emphatically, the day after they left Madeira.

It was a beautiful day, and in the few gilded clouds which hung in the sky, they could not deem that any danger lurked. Glide on rapidly through the blue water, oh "Baboon!"

* * * * * *

And now, while the "Baboon" is advancing homeward, it will be as well, perhaps, to advance before her, and glance at the state of the various persons interested in her commanders. There is no traveller like the soul: it wanders through creation with its heavenly passport at will; perhaps, after all, at a greater speed than that electricity, with which the brutal materialism of modern speculation is so fond of comparing it.

One fine afternoon, in the first week of August, 183—, just at that period when Parliament, according to its usual custom, was hurrying through the business of the session, and measure after measure was being swallowed greedily by majorities—when the opposition, fatigued with retarding public business, was too lazy to oppose anything with vigour, there strode down Parliament-street the figure of a pilgrim. He had a look of travel—he had a look of anxiety: he was on a pilgrimage to the House of Commons: and does any human being ever go there with a cheerful look upon his face, except an "honourable member," who hopes to get something by his votes?

Past the gardens of Whitehall (where the leaves ought to be regularly dusted by some patriotic inhabitant), past the bridge of Westminster, which has become a ruin without becoming picturesque (as Lord —— is grey without being venerable), went the pilgrim, to the unholy sepulchre of many national hopes and many individual aspirations. He paused at the entrance (where two or three members were gathered together, waiting till prayers were over in the House to go in); till, in a few moments, an elderly gentleman rode up to the door. He dismounted: he saw the pilgrim. They stepped aside together. You could see, from the way in which they spoke, that the pilgrim was discoursing with his county member.

"I'll put the question immediately after the petitions," said the elderly gentleman.

"Thank you! thank you! But will they?—what think you? These d—d Whigs!—can they refuse?" Here the pilgrim lowered his voice.

At that moment somebody rushed out, and said, hurriedly—"Sir John! Sir John!"

The elderly gentleman rushed in after him, with a hasty nod to the pilgrim, who turned and departed.

Next morning he saw the following interesting report in the "Parliamentary Intelligence" of the *Times*:—

"CASE OF MR. CARISFORD.

"Sir John Jumble, seeing the Secretary of the Admiralty in his place, wished to ask him whether any further intelligence respecting Mr. Carisford's case (here the Hon. Member became inaudible).

"Mr. Delout replied (as we understood), that whatever explanations were afforded to his honourable friend, there could be no doubt that the Board of Admiralty had done all that could be expected from them (hear, hear, from Captain Bugbear).

"Sir John Jumble was desirous of stating—(loud cries of 'order, order,' amidst which the Hon. Member resumed his seat)."

The fact was, that ever since our friend Mr. Carisford (the pilgrim) had received the communication from the Admiralty, which announced that their Lordships had nothing further to communicate about his son, he had been following up the attack with various degrees of vigour. He had had the case brought before Parliament time after time, in spite of countings out, being of opinion, that there was a principle involved in it, and that the Admiralty were bound to deliver up to him the son whom he had committed to the service. Nothing could persuade him to the contrary, and he argued that Carisford, junior, having "deserted," the articles of war ought to be put in force against him, and the youth be captured accordingly.

This last report in the *Times* at last convinced him that there was nothing to hope from further agitation in the subject, and it surprised him to find that he bore the fact much better than he had anticipated. The truth was, he had been acting under a sense of duty, more than from any other feeling, all this time, and he tired sooner in proportion of his pursuit. Everybody knows how much sooner men tire of labour in a good than in a bad cause. We read, nowadays, of crusaders with a feeling of wonder far greater than that which is excited by the accounts of the zeal and enthusiasm of persecutors; and the man who gets knocked up very quickly by labours for a friend, or a public charity, works to an astonishing extent when revenging an injury and running down a foe. This is a truism. *Tant mieux.* If one propounds anything lofty or elevating of the race in the present age, one is accused of a tendency to paradox!

Something of this sort passed through Mr. Carisford's mind, as he sat at breakfast the morning after Sir John Jumble's last attempt in his favour at the House. For a quarter of an hour he dropped the reliquished *Times*, after reading the report, and fell into a fit of meditation. Then suddenly seizing it again, as a relief from his thoughts, he pounced on a paragraph in the "Shipping Intelligence," which set his blood off at a gallop. That number of the journal was like the spear of the hero of old, which cured by one end the wounds made by the other; at least it was so to Mr. Carisford, who read—

"Portsmouth, August 4.—Arrived the brig 'Mary,' from Teneriffe. Spoke the 'Baboon' yacht, main topmast and stern boat gone."

Here was a surprise. Mr. Carisford instantly recognised the name of the yacht, which, indeed, owing to its eccentricity, it was not very easy to forget. He instantly wrote a letter off to his wife, to inform her of the fact of the yacht having been heard of, and to say, that he was on the eve of starting to Portsmouth, to endeavour to get particulars about her from the captain of the brig "Mary." Who knows, thought he, but it may have been my son himself who spoke from the "Baboon"? his very voice, the ringing boyish tones that used to enliven the old country house of the family, may have saluted the worthy captain. Full of the thought, he started to Portsmouth.

Next morning he took a boat to go off to the brig; and, in a short time, was bobbing over the water to the place where she was anchored. He found her a dirty little vessel, with her rigging looking very loose. Her mainyard was topped up in a singular style for hoisting out casks, and her main rigging was decorated with shirts suspended there to dry.

As the boat came alongside, the boatman in her began to act as interpreter between such very different individuals as the tall gentlemanly old Mr. Carisford, and the fellows in red caps (we never could understand why sailors are so fond of that republican *bonnet*,) who were knocking about on her decks.

"Hoy, there, I say, aboard the brig!" cried the boatman.

"Hillo, mate!" said a sailor belonging to her, coming to the gangway.

"Is your capting aboard?" asked the boatman.

"Yes, he is. What for?"

"This gent wants to speak to him."

"Oh, walk up, sir," said the man, probably taking him for one of the owners. "One minute, sir. Stick your foot on that bolt; now then, sir, t'other foot on the main chains; now a jump."

Which directions being complied with, Mr. Carisford reached the deck in perfect safety.

"Aft, if you please," continued the sailor, as he made a vague move in that direction. "The master'll be up directly." So saying, he dived down the little ladder.

Mr. Carisford, meanwhile, was cheered by the grateful music of three or four of the men, who were singing away as they hoisted a cask—

"Heigh ho! cheerly men, ho!
Betsy Bell, she loved a sailor."

"Mind your legs, if you please, sir," said one of them, requesting him to move out of a coil of rope.

In a few moments came the skipper, a little good-natured looking man, obviously just out of his berth. He had smoothed his hair by the application of some cold water, and what with his earrings and his whiskers, which formed a kind of chin-stay under his chin, was a well looking fellow.

Mr. Carisford made his political bow, and neatly explained the cause of his visit. Would the captain be kind enough to tell him all he saw, all he knew, about the yacht "Baboon," which he had met at sea?

"Yacht 'Baboon!' ah, sir, to be sure I will. Jem, bring here the log. P'raps you'll step below, sir?" said the skipper; and Mr. Carisford agreed, and speedily found himself in a little cabin with a narrow skylight.

"That's some wine in that jar, sir?" Let me fill you a horn," pursued the skipper, and the old gentleman made no opposition.

The boy Jem, who had been summoned to come with the log, was not long in making his appearance, mindful, perhaps, of a certain curiously worked rope, which hung suspended on a nail in the inside of the cabin door, and which was known as the "colt."

The skipper turned over the pages, by the aid of his moistened thumb, and at last exclaimed—"Ah, here she is! we saw her on the first of last month, two days' sail this side of Madeira."

"I have a son on board her," said Mr. Carisford, feelingly, and thinking that it was a proper course for him to adopt, to explain at once why he was thus troubling the worthy sailor.

"Have you, sir? Lord bless you, sir! I went aboard her to look at the chronometer, and was never better treated in my life! They provided all sorts of hospitality," said the skipper, with a laugh, and remembering perhaps some consequences of it, which he did not care to relate. "But I beg your pardon, sir," he continued. "There were four young gentlemen aboard her—first of all, a stoutish young man, hair the least shade red—" here he paused, and looked at Mr. Carisford, who shook his head negatively.

"Then, sir, there was one about the same height, and dark, with a face that shone, like, and was bold and sharp."

Again Mr. Carisford shook his head.

"One much younger, sir, like a Spanish girl."

Mr. Carisford shook his head again, and began to feel very anxious.

"Well, then, Lord bless me," exclaimed the skipper, feeling sure he was quite right now, "it must have been the tall slim young fellow, with blue eyes and brown curly hair, the best looking fellow of the lot."

Mr. Carisford laughed gaily. This was the youth, there was no doubt about that.

"Dear me," said the sympathizing skipper, "the very one that I catched putting more rum into my glass, after it was half-and-half already."

Mr. Carisford smiled again, as he recognised his son in this performance, and then proceeded to ask the skipper when the "Baboon" might be expected in England.

"Why, you see, sir," said the skipper, "a yacht ain't like one of us, obliged to hold on, blow fair or blow hard, so as to make her passage. Bless you, sir, if the wind's a little contrary, they think nothing of up helm, and run into the nearest port. The schooner had lost her main topmast; but that ain't no great matter. I should say, she ought to be, taking all chances, somewheres in the Channel now."

"Ah," said Mr. Carisford, thoughtfully; he was revolving in his mind what leave of absence he had from his wife, and how long he might venture to dally in the English seaports, on the look-out for the yacht.

The skipper took advantage of the pause to collar a large brown jar, remove a portentous bung, and pour some wine into a funny little carved tumbler.

At that moment the trampling over head ceased a moment. Voices were heard; then the movement of a stout figure down the ladder, and—enter "Toe" Chilton, who has not appeared in our pages since we left him basking in the sun of Naples, and wandering amidst antiquities, to look for—an appetite.

Toe was as lively as ever—"Good morning, captain. A very pretty brig you have; 'Gad, sir, it reminds me of the ship 'Argo!' 'youth at the prow,' &c. I have come on board, sir, to ask the pleasure of your—of, that is to say, your telling me about the yacht 'Baboon,' that you met near Madeira."

The skipper smiled; Mr. Carisford smiled too—"Why, sir," said the skipper, "this gentleman has just come on board to make the same inquiry."

"Oh, indeed!" said Toe, proffering his snuff-box to Mr. Carisford, instanter—"Mr. Dobbs, perhaps."

"Carisford," said the old gentleman, with a bow.

"I see. Oh, sir, I had the pleasure of meeting your son at Naples, when the 'Baboon' was there. My name is Chilton."

"And I, sir, have had the pleasure of seeing your son at my house."

"Here was an acquaintance got up at once. Toe's features gleamed with pleasure. "I'm staying at the Crown," he said. "Perhaps I may have the pleasure of your company to dinner?"

Mr. Carisford bowed, and glanced slightly at the little skipper, in whose cabin they were making themselves at home, he thought a little too coolly.

"Captain—"

"Flurry," said the skipper.

"Will join us, I hope," pursued Mr. Chilton.

"Much obliged, I'm sure, sir. Can't exactly promise, you see, for about this here cargo—"

"And we're detaining you all this time," said Mr. Carisford, looking meaningly at Toe, who, in his usual vein of happy adaptation to immediate circumstances, seemed to have forgotten all about the "Baboon" already.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE RETURN.

The storm which raged with such a fury in England, and in this our last chapter, committed a degree of havoc which it was melancholy to contemplate, particularly for those who lost anything by it. H.M.S. "Chaos," a frigate of huge bulk, went on shore on the English coast. The officer of the watch had no leadsman in the chains, the master had taken no observations that day, the captain had viewed the rising storm with the sublime indifference of an epicurean god. So that as might be expected the officers of the "Chaos" were tried by a court-martial for the loss of the vessel, and a midshipman was dismissed the service. When the great Agamemnon wanted a fair wind he sacrificed his daughter. Nowadays such important personages are not the victims. If ever an English admiral wants a human sacrifice (and looking at the advance of Puseyism, who shall say that we may not go farther back, and adopt still more ancient superstitions than those already in fashion, some of these days), depend on it, a midshipman will be picked out to suffer. Several ships belonging to the firm of Grubber and Snag were cast away also, and one yacht which had been cruising outside the Isle of Wight when the gale came on, passed the night lying-to in the channel, to the extreme terror of the man-milliner sailor to whom she belonged, who, no doubt, thought it cursed impudent on the part of the wind to blow so hard when he was on board.

In a little inn, in a small village in one of the western counties of England, a group of men were assembled the night after the gale, talking over it and discussing the mischief that it had done. The inn bore the sign of the Chequers, that celebrated sign which has been popular in Europe for fifteen hundred years, and which has been immortalized by the muse of Canning. The company consisted of the blacksmith of the village, the parish clerk, the doctor's man-servant, and a small grocer, that is, small *quoad* grocer—personally he was of average size. The scene of their confabulations was the taproom, where the fire was blazing very comfortably, and serving the purpose of keeping the poker at that degree of red heat necessary to warm a pot of beer when inserted therein.

"Such a night!" said the blacksmith, throwing up his eyes. "The wind howled through my workshop, and made the sparks fly like—"

"Like the hinfernal regions!" said the flunkey opposite him, interrupting.

It is amusing to see how, in all classes nowadays, an elegant periphrasis substitutes itself for a plain word.

A drunken cobbler is an intoxicated mechanic—the devil has become his satanic majesty—and the scarlet lady an "unfortunate female."

The blacksmith smoked on at his little black pipe with increased vigour. He was as galled at the interruption as a dog who has had a bone, or wit who has had an epigram, taken out of his mouth."

"My master," continued the doctor's servant, "has a theory about the winds."

"Indeed!" said the grocer, who had an attachment to intellectual pursuits, and consequently was very unsuccessful in business; "do you know it?"

"I ought to," said the flunkey, superciliously, and taking a sip at the pot.

The grocer was a timid man; he therefore only ejaculated quietly—"Oh!" Then his love of knowledge jogging him, he pursued—"You've paid some attention to it, then, Mr. Brown?"

"I should think so. I've carried it from his study to the drawing-room every night these six months."

The grocer gave ever so little of a sigh, but made no observation.

Mr. Brown was obviously not deep in the theory; but, perhaps, after all, he knew as much about it as his master.

"Perhaps," said the blacksmith, "the doctor would explain why my chimney-pot always comes off, and our next door's one always stops on, in them gales?"

"I should say, no doubt he could," said Mr. Brown.

"Your neighbour goes to church," said the parish clerk, who had recently turned a severe Puseyite (but, somehow or other, always faced the wrong way in church, to the amusement of the profane); and, so saying, he popped the red-hot poker into the pot, and as it gave a violent hiss, glanced at the blacksmith, as if to call his attention to the kind of noise which he would probably make, under circumstances of a similarly hot nature, by and by.

At this moment there was a loud thumping at the door. The landlady came into the taproom, and glanced at the enormous round-faced clock over the fireplace: the hands, which were not unlike pokers, marked the hour of ten. "Nobody can come in now—too late," said she; and she advanced to the door, and cried out —"Who's there?"

"It's me," replied a delicate voice, from the exterior.

"Who's me?" asked the landlady, snappishly.

"Not to know me, argues yourself unknown!" roared out another voice. "Come, my good woman, if woman you be, as I conjecture from those tones, just a little cracked, but silvery still, open the door to a distinguished traveller!"

Mrs. Parkin was a little startled, as well she might be, at this address; but she opened the door. When she did so, a party of five presented themselves. Four of them were youths; the fifth was a burly man of middle age. They were all dripping wet, and had but one carpet-bag, in the way of luggage, amongst them, which was carried by a youth with a fat rosy face.

"Ha! an English taproom," said the youth, who had spoken last from the other side of the door. Sweet picture of English comfort! DOBBS, be seated!"

The youths of the "Baboon" had come to this. In last night's gale, that gallant schooner had strewed her bones on the western coast: scarcely anything had been saved from her but some money, which the gallant M'Mizen had borne to shore on his person, in defiance of all danger.

The party in the taproom betrayed no little surprise at the entry of the damp strangers, particularly when M'Mizen took off his hat, and gave it a shake, which scattered moisture over them, and followed it up by grumbling out—"That weeds wanted nae watering," by which reflection he at once condemned his own act and ridiculed those who suffered by it in the most impartial manner.

The clerk, the blacksmith, and the grocer rose and went away, leaving with the new comers the doctor's servant, who probably anticipated a job for his master.

The unfortunate heroes of the "Baboon" gathered round the fire. The landlady brought a pot of our national liquor.

Chilton took it in his hand with a certain degree of formality. It was an important moment. With upturned eyes and solemn looks, the returned heroes partook of beer. "And here is an end of our career," said Chilton, mournfully. "The 'Baboon' wrecked—Dobbs discrowned—nothing left for us all but to earn what is called a respectable livelihood! We, who have lived out of the pale of the law, will have to study it! we, who have inflicted wounds, will have to learn how to cure them!"

"What did you dream, M'Mizen!" asked Chilton next morning, desirous of giving a lively tone to the talk at once.

"Faith, sir, naething in particular; but ance I fancied I was busy at a grouse pie and a glass o' strunt wi' Birtwhistle o' Klavers."

"Bravo, Mac," said Chilton. "Yours is an old family in the Stewartry—isn't it?"

"Ay, sir, we're aulder than the Galloways—"

"What! Lord Galloway's family?"

"To be sure, sir, but—" and here the sailing master paused thoughtfully—"ye ken, the Galloways were aye a powerfu' hoose;" which characteristic touch on the part of their old skipper caused considerable amusement to the young gentlemen.

"Now," said Chilton, "I have been thinking matters over, and this is my project. We have a certain amount of money left, not enough to take us all up to Portsmouth in the regular way. Some one must go forward by the coach to see how matters are getting on; the rest must follow in a waggon. Let Carisford take the money for the coach and push forward."

The proposal was welcomed with applause. Carisford resisted it of course, at first, but was overruled, and his eyes sparkled with gladness at the prospect. They found that they were five miles distant from the town of T——, whence a coach started, and that town they reached in an hour and a half. There came another consultation. All the money of the Society, except a few shillings, was made over to Mr. Car, and furthermore, he was furnished with the one carpet bag of the company, that he might present a respectable appearance among his fellow-travellers, for, as is sagaciously remarked, in the clever burlesque of *Noureddin and the Fair Persian*—

> " 'Tis the carpet bag that tells
> Gentlemen from dressed up swells."

Here was an example of what the devotion of friendship ought to be. What is the "silken and perfumed amity" (as Emerson calls it) of the fine world to this? Our friends gathered round the coach, at the door of the Royal Arms. The devoted carpet bag was tossed, rather superciliously they thought, into the boot. Carisford mounted on the box alongside the driver, and, in another instant, the coach had rolled away, and there had been achieved, in the simplest manner possible, what storm, battle, and fate had not brought about during some three years—a separation among the "band of brothers," whose history we have been recording in these pages.

"Let us love and cherish our friends in the days of our youth," thought Chilton, as Car disappeared. 'Tis with the world as with mountains—the higher we climb, the colder is the air and the fewer are the flowers.

Our friends marched briskly through the town and along the high road, and by evening they had very contentedly installed themselves in a huge waggon, and were jogging eastward, while M'Mizen was howling out a love song about the "gowden locks o' Anna," and the waggoner, a humble Bootes of the western road, was seated on the shafts, smoking a little black pipe.

Carisford now went briskly pushing along towards Portsmouth.

Night had descended as he entered upon the city of ships; and the moon was shining on the waters that roll at its feet. Oh, that moon! quiet, calm, and gentle as she looks—who would think, from her pale face, that it makes the wilderness of ocean heave and roll upon a thousand vast shores? So calm and so mighty! What a reproach to an age of blustering agitation, and no results!

Carisford passed the gate of Mrs. Dobbs's cottage. He had made up his mind not to go in, as it had been agreed that Dobbs should enter to surprise them, without previous announcement, when he arrived. But he could not help pausing to look over the railings of the cottage, and he plucked a leaf from a fragrant bush, and crushed it in his hand, that he might perfume it with a memory to convince him after he had passed on, that he had indeed been at that homely old place, so well remembered. As he did so, he saw the reflection of figures on the window blind; he heard voices—it was all he could do to prevent himself from rushing in, and announcing the yacht's return to his sister and mother. Perhaps he even touched the latch of the gate, for as he moved away, he heard a sweet clear voice at the door, ask—"Who's there?" It was his sister's; he made no answer; he felt a sensation of luxury in knowing the power in his hands and not using it.

As he advanced towards old familiar places, he thought of his past life, and how he would marry some day, when his governor came round—and live quietly, and be kind to the poor, &c. &c. Car felt more and more poetic—till he reached the Ship and Anchor Hotel. Was it possible that any of his old messmates were in the billiard-room? He heard the clicking of the ivory balls, as he went up stairs to see.

There they were, that old, old clique. There was Clarendon of the "Magnificent;" and Jigger of the

"Bustard;" Percival Plug of the "Snob"—whose reminiscences the present historian presented to the world; Royster, late of the "Orson;" Dulcet, whilom of the "Wavelet," &c. &c. Clarendon was leaning over to play a difficult stroke with the "rest," requiring nicety of touch, when Car entered. "'Gad, here's old Carisford," cried Plug. Clarendon made a stroke and missed. "Thirty-two—twenty-six," cried the marker. How familiar seemed the old sound to Car.

The playing was dropped. They gathered round the new comer and old friend. They had a hundred questions to ask about the "Baboon," whose career had been heard of in the profession. Had they been pirates? Was it true that they had killed a man in the tropics, and sent the body home in a cask, marked "damaged pork"?

Carisford explained that the "Baboon" was more innocent than they seemed to take her to be, and that, at all events, she had now expiated her crimes by being wrecked.

"I say, Carisford," said another, "do you know it's said your governor has been seen prowling about here lately?"

"Quite impossible," Carisford said; "oh dear, no, catch him putting himself to the trouble."

"Well—heard so—may be a mistake."

"This is an event," exclaimed Clarendon; "a day to be marked with a white stone!"

"With *chalk* at a tavern, you mean, I suppose?" said the facetious Jigger. "We must make a night of it."

Away they went. They entered the theatre. A piece of Shakspeare's was being performed. They bawled out—"Author, author!" and pretended to be very indignant that he did not bow from a private box. They then halloed for silence, and begged that the people who were making an uproar should be removed.

After the play, they went somewhere for supper, and there they drank large quantities of wine. They gained the street, flushed and roaring, and attempted to remove a naval officer, with a quadrant in his hand, from a shop over which he presided. They walked six abreast, and encircled an inoffensive passer-by, and danced round him like cannibals round a victim. They had a row with the police—more policemen came up—Clarendon floored two, there was a general row, and a grand *finale* at the station house, where they all woke up in the morning with clayey throats, and heads which seemed to be tenanted by Liliputian blacksmiths, hammering like mad.

In this beautiful plight Master Carisford woke up among the others—with what feelings of shame, self-reproach, and thirst, need scarcely be said. "Good heavens, if Flora could see me here!" he thought, as he glanced round his unromantic dungeon, and saw Messrs. Clarendon, Jigger, &c., lying near him.

These gentlemen presently woke up, and glared dismally round the room. At first they had but a dim consciousness where they were; but presently, "Good God!" Clarendon cried, "here's a place for a gentleman! By the shades of my ancestors, I am thoroughly ashamed of myself!"

"What the blazes did we do?" asked another.

"It's time to ask that," said Jigger, sardonically. "We licked the police, that's all, and I've a dim notion that we assaulted some elderly gentlemen." And here Jigger began kicking at the door, in a paroxysm of contrition.

At that instant a policeman appeared at the door in question; and after casually informing Jigger that if he continued to kick, his boots would be taken off, went on to inquire, with facetious condescension, after the health of the party. After a little parley, he brought some rather muddy coffee, flanked with slices of bread and butter, the very sight of which, under the circumstances, was enough almost to make the whole party sick.

"What will be the damage, Charley, think you?" asked Clarendon.

"You'll all be fined, I 'spose," answered the policeman.

"'Gad, then," said Clarendon, pulling his gold watch off, "you had better go and raise the wind on that, for I'm cleaned out."

In about an hour, these gentlemen were marched off to the court, before the magistrate, being received with a faint murmur of applause by a motley crowd of hackney coachmen, common sailors, &c., gathered together in the body of the court. The charges were soon made. Carisford's case was on. The chief witness was called. Car turned curiously to look at the person whose evidence was to condemn him. The witness got into the box. It was his father! This was their first meeting for upwards of three years.

Old Mr. Carisford was perhaps the most astonished of the two. He had not the slightest conception that his son had returned. He stood there, mute as a mummy.

"Do you recognise him, sir?" inquired the magistrate, sharply.

Recognise him! Did he not? The poor old gentleman was as nervous as a girl.

The magistrate understood nothing of the circumstances (Carisford the younger had given a wrong name, of course), he ordered the old gentleman to stand down.

But a sturdy intelligent witness immediately afterwards recognised the whole party. "They were talking to a cabman, when I see them first," said the patriotic witness.

"I never talk to the lower orders," said Clarendon, haughtily. A murmur of disapprobation, and a slight hiss passed among the mob.

"Fined two pounds a-piece," was the ultimate decision of his worship. It was drearily hauled forth, old Carisford coming forward, to the astonishment of them all, to pay for his son.

"And now," said his worship, "let me tell you that a more disgrace—"

"Come," said the audacious Jigger, "we've paid you your money—don't let us have any of your jaw."

A roar of applause from the mob followed this piece of temerity; but before our friend Carisford saw the result of it, his father had pulled him by his sleeve, and taken him out of the court.

They walked in silence, hurrying away for a few minutes, till they turned down an unfrequented lane.

"Oh, Harry, Harry," began the father, "you plague spot on the family—you curse—. My dear boy, how are you? And where, in Heaven's name, have you been?" So saying, he shook his hand tremulously, and his old eyes filled with tears.

Car wept like a girl. Let us pass over the scene.

They went off together to Mr. Carisford's lodgings; and then Car breakfasted sumptuously, installed himself in one of his father's shirts, and despatched a message to Mr. Ruffles, the tailor, whom he ordered to lose no time in making him some clothes.

After breakfast, they went to the cottage of Mrs. Dobbs, when Carisford gladdened their hearts by informing them that the king must certainly return soon. He was wonderfully improved; he was now quite fit to command a ship. and was as good a fellow as ever breathed.

Mrs. Dobbs felt quite proud of her son. How she longed to see him. There was a noise at the gate—What was that? Pshaw! the butcher!—who could think of such things as beef and mutton now?

* * * * * *

No romantic or surprising incident is to be expected in the remainder of our history. That evening, Chilton, Dobbs, Pereira, and M'Mizen arrived at Portsmouth. The Scotchman went home to Galloway, and was, on the very next Sunday, the most conspicuous person present in the kirk of Bluter. He joined in a psalm, by the agency of that extraordinary wind instrument, his nose, and comported himself, otherwise, with religious fervour.

The gate of the cottage of Mrs. Dobbs turned on its hinges with a creak of welcome as the three young men passed in. Toe was there—Carisford the elder was there; Mrs. Dobbs was down stairs. Never was such a meeting—the king being kissed by his mother and sister with a heartiness which made him blush—as if being kissed by one's female relations was anything to be ashamed of!

The meeting between Toe and his son, Tom Chilton, late of the "Baboon," was not romantic. They shook hands heartily; they complimented each other on their looks, and fell to talking together about the Cup. Then they got on family matters, and indulged in a little abuse of their relations. They are always quarrelling in that Chilton family, though it is not true, as has been asserted, that Tom ever blackballed his father at the —— Club.

What then was the end of the ambitious speculations of the heroes of the "Baboon"—those youths who complained that their country gave them no career! Matrimony and home are the established golden apples for which men stop in their course. Even so. Happy they whom such a fate snatches from the stormy career of ambition, and enables to suspend their votive tablets in token of delivery from shipwreck therein! Perhaps the household gods—

"Lar and the old penates,"

are the best divinities of all. Perhaps it is because we are so domestic, that we don't rush into revolutions in England like our neighbours. Heaven only knows what we owe to our grandmothers for sitting by the fireside, with their "work." But the cause of the age! Oh youth, shall we leave it to —— and ——? Alas, and "reputation," and "immortality"? "Oh, my brother," as C. and E. say, "look only for reputation among the angels; and as for 'immortality,' *par la* *splendeur de Dieu,* art thou not content with the immortality of thy soul? Fix thy thoughts on that."

Tomkins laughs at the last sentence—as indeed he does at most things—antiquity, enthusiasm, love, &c. The author ought to stick to satire, ought not he, Mr. T.? What a poor fellow he would be, my dear Tomkins, were it his main object to give satisfaction to such as you?

"A satirist without heart," says a certain writer, "is a meaner creature than an ape—from whom he mainly differs by the want of his natural appendage—a tail. We *may* laugh, but we *must* love."

**THE END.**

Stirling, July 1890.

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